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595

Engl. Theatre vol 57

T H E

Rival Brothers ;

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

New THEATRE

In Little *Lincoln's-Inn* Fields ;

By Her

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

16th Century

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by Ben. Bragg, at the *Blue-Ball* in
Avenary-Lane, 1704. Price 1 s. 6 d.

THE

REPUBLICAN

TRAIL

IN THE

STATE OF

BY

MAJESTY



AND

Printed and Published by the State of

Drammatic Personæ.

Lord Belmont.

A Favourite at Court, coming in the Country to propose a Marriage between the Lady *Alithea* and himself, he falls in Love

Lord Honorius.

Half-Brother to *Alithea*, and living with her in the Country, Father to *Victoria*.

Theodor.
Horatio.

Brothers, Friends, but both in Love with *Victoria*.

Colonel.

A Soldier of Fortune and Honour, Friend to *L. Belm.* supported by him.

Women.

Alithea.

A Widdow of the first
Quality, Mother to *Theodor*
and *Horatio*.

Belinda.

Daughter to Lord Belmont,
in Love with *Horatio*.

Victoria.

Daughter to Lord Hono-
rins, in Love with *Theodor*.

Sylvia.

Woman to *Belinda*.

(A Page and
Servants.

Lucy.

Woman to *Victoria*.

Scene England.

A C T.

A
Fatal SECRET:
 OR, THE
Rival BROTHERS.

ACT I. Scena I.
A Gallery Adorn'd with Pictures.

Enter Lord Belmont, and Belinda.

L. B. **I** Will allow, *Belinda*, all things here
 Are admirable; that you ne're beheld,
 Or never yet confid'd heedfully
 So sweet a Place; but I observe withal,
 You give it such large Commendations,
 And dwell with that Delight upon the Subject,
 I must believe you would not be displeas'd
 To be the Mistriss of it.

Bel. In being Mistriss of my self, my Lord,
 I am so, where I most desire to be;
 And I'd have leave to hope, I have not made
 Such ill return to the best Father's Care,
 That he should think I willingly would change,
 For any other upon Earth, the Place
 Where he shall please to dwell.

L. B. I had not such a Thought in what I said.

Bel. I cannot, Sir, however but be just
 To the surprizing Curiosities
 My wondring Eyes meet ev'ry where withal.

B

L. B.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

L. B. You have all Reason on your side indeed.
But this Superb and most delightful Fabrick,
With the Addition of a large Estate,
Would not have been the whole (if he had liv'd)
Of my Friends Happiness: Besides a Lady,
Deserving ev'ry way, he left two Sons,
So Worthy to transmit their Father's Name,
His Goodness, all his Vertues to the World,
He cannot be forgot while they're alive.

Bel. Had Heav'n been pleas'd (or wou'd it be so yet)
To hear my Prayers, and send my Lord a Son,
Who might encrease the Honour of a House,
Which hitherto has been preserv'd unstain'd;
I could but wish he were like one of them.

L. B. I joyn with you: But since 'tis otherwise,
Suppose I had a mind (and I will own
I have) to choose out of this Family
For you a Husband, for my self a Son;
Tell me which of 'em do you like.

Bel. My Lord, I think I should (I must confess)
Forfeit my Judgment, did I not prefer
Those Lords to any I have seen at Court.

L. B. Answer directly: Which could you love best?

Bel. A Heart, Sir, so indifferent as mine.

L. B. Here is no need for this reservedness,
That's not a Virtue to be us'd with Fathers,
You may Repent it when it is too late.

Bel. Had you commanded me to make a choice,
A Maid, Sir, of my Humour could not do so,
Unless she could be satisfied before
By which of them she was her self belov'd;
Were that the Case, I wou'd not you shou'd think,
That I am of so odd a one, to want
Much reasoning to settle in my Heart
A Resolution of obeying you:

L. B. These Thoughts are generous, and worthy of you,
Cherish 'em therefore carefully, my Child;
But is your Heart so very indifferent,
It cannot form a wish, that one of 'em
Should rather Love you than the other? speak.

Bel.

The Rival Brothers.

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Bel. This comes too close.

[*Aside.*

Such wishes are not only vain, but often
Bring inconceivable Disturbances
To those who have resolv'd to Sacrifice
(Like me) their Inclinations to their Duty;
And therefore, Sir, I'm always on my Guard.

L. B. I must commend this great Discretion in you;
But if I'm so Indulgent to assure you,
That I'll take Care your Duty shall not Clash. —

*Enter Honor. Alith. Victoria. Theodor. Hor.
and Collonel, L. Belm. meets 'em.*

Bel. The Company is coming to us, Sir.

[*I might have shewn my Father all my Heart,
When he himself had smooth'd the way so plain.
How hard is VWoman's Honour born upon?*
Aside. { *And what strange Rules does Pride and Custom
But he may choose Horatio; and then [teach?
At once thou gain'st thy wish, and sav'st thy self
The shame of owning thou art first in Love.*

L. B. My Lord *Honorius*, I no longer wonder
That all the Offers which the King could make
Have been too weak to bring you back to Court:
But you have shewn me clearly that was Reason,
VWhich (Pardon me) I have been apt to think
Had been some secret discontent, or Humour.

Hon. I ever shall with highest Gratitude
Acknowledge all my Royal Master's Goodness;
But when I mention that, I can't forget
How much I am oblig'd to my Lord *Belmont*,
VWho has been always ready to Employ
The Credit he so justly has with him.
In Favour of his Friend.

L. B. As never any Age could shew a Prince
So well so thoroughly skill'd in knowing Men,
He understands your Merit perfectly;
Nor does he need much to be put in mind
Of any that is so extraordinary.

A Fatal Secret : Or,

Hon. You cannot lessen, if you would, my Lord,
The Sence I have of your good Offices.

L. B. Tho' you're so wedded to your ease your self,
Could you not have perswaded these young Lords
To Grace our Court ? But Madam I believe [*To Alith*
That was your Fault, who could not part with them.

Alith. They have been fully set at Liberty,
Left fairly to their choice, my Lord, e'er since
They have attain'd to Years of reasoning.

Hora. And we are both so pleas'd with our Retreat,
VVe should have thought our selves but hardly us'd,
If we had been oblig'd for better breeding
I've sought another Place.

Theod. VVe've seen, my Lord, the Picture of the Court,
Exact enough, drawn to the very life ;
And we have oft consid'ed of it too,
Else Curiosity might have prevail'd.

L. B. 'Tis possible that they who shew it you
Did not produce it in so fair a Light ;
Or else might hide a part of it from you.

Alith. I never caus'd it to be laid before 'em
Out of the least design to make 'em hate it.

Hora. Methinks, my Lord, that the Necessity
Is not so great of Courting round the VWorld :
VWhat is there to be found abroad in it
I cannot learn more safely in my Closet ?

L. B. But where my Lord is the example then

Hora. As (speaking generally) the name of Virtue
Is us'd but only to deceive securely,
I fear one sooner may impair his own,
Than raise it in another by Example.

Col. The VWorld (to do it right) is naturally
Inclin'd to Virtues which bring Profit with 'em.

Theo. But if, my Lord, we do preserve it pure,
Envy and Malice are so Powerful,
And have the Skill to put such specious Glosses
On ev'ry Action, as will quite obscure it
Amongst the ill discerning Multitude.

Hora. That all the Satisfaction we can have
Must Center in our selves, my Lord, at least.

L. B.

The Rival Brothers.

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L. B. You're well Imbued with gallant Principles,
And any where may safely trust your selves.

Hon. It must be cooler e'er we can endure
The Air, but I would shew you one Device,
A VVater VVork, which is but newly finished,
And so contriv'd that the Sun's Lustre lends
A fine a glorious Beauty to the Scene.

L. B. I'll wait upon you when you Please My Lord.

Hon. Shall I not, Collonel, have your Opinion?

Col. I'm ready to attend you, Sir.

Hon. Ladies, you'll walk with us. [Exeunt

Manent Theo. and Horatio.

Theo. These Courtiers think us whimsical, *Horatio*,
And struck with Notions.

Hora. 'Tis no great matter what they think of us.
VVho, when he's out on't, would go seek a Place
VVhere he must trust tho' sure to be deceiv'd,
Live amongst those who were all counterfeit,
Their Loyalty, their Friendship, and their Love.

Theo. You make me smile to hear you talk of Love.

Hora. And you would make me blush to see you smile,
Could you find any Cause from what I said
To think that I am less it's Enemy
Than I have always been.

Theo. For you to Censure Love that's Counterfeit;
Istacitely to Praise one that is true.

Hora. You argue quaintly, with a Lover's Skill,
I mean one of those many sanguine ones,
VVho have the trick of flattering themselves,
More than they do their very Mistresses;
And prove her Frowns are earnest of her Favours:
Such a far fetch'd Conclusion have you drawn.

Theo. VVhat I infer methinks falls naturally
From what you said, nor need you be asham'd. —

Hora. Friendship and Loyalty I only meant,
However Love came into my Discourse,
VVhich you catch at so readily.

Theo. This from so open and profess'd a Foe?

Hora.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Hor. If by some Secret Disposition
Of Nature, unaccountable to me,
I've rather found, than made my self its Foe:
It fortify'd the Humour much to think
'Twould prove a dangerous Rival to all Friendship,
And mine's so nice for you, my *Theodore*,
I could be even Jealous of my self.

Theo. I would not strive for Victory with you
On any other Score, my dearest Brother;
I must affirm, I'm equally your Friend,
And if you will not hear me say I'm more,
At least I wish, and I must strive to be so:
Tho' at the same time I will tell you this,
As Love and Friendship have their different Objects,
I do conceive our Hearts may hold 'em both,
And neither needs to interfere with the other.

Hor. If you have had experience in this,
And now assure me of it, I must yield.

Theo. What think you of the beauteous stranger, Brother?

Hor. VVhat mean you, Brother, by that Question?
I hope he loves her, if it should be so, [Aside.
'Tis not my Business to dissuade him from it.

Theo. I have no meaning, that's extraordinary,
But what if I'm a little curious
To know your Mind in that particular.

Hor. In my Opinion I must tell you then,
She is the abstract of Perfection;
My wonder comes too fast, I want Expression.
Oh Pardon me, thou Goddess of my Soul, [Aside.
My Dear *Victoria*, these Blasphemies,

Theo. [Aside.] He loves; at last the VVitch-craft is
How pleas'd am I? (undone:

To *Hor.* VVell Brother you'll go on.

Hor. In her alone so many Charms are met,
As if they were divided into Parcels,
VVould serve to give the name of Beautiful,
Unto ten thousand others of the Sex.
She never moves, she does not speak, or look,
But she discloses some bewitching Grace
Unmark'd before to the amaz'd beholders.

Theo.

The Rival Brothers.

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Theo. You have describ'd in most Pathetick terms
The wondrous Beauty all Men must admire,
If any use be left 'em of their Eyes.
But this (tho' less than Truth perhaps) is strange
Coming from you,
VVhich makes me ask you, if you're serious?

Hora. I hope he's Jealous. [Aside.
Ask me if I can see, I'll answer you.
How Happy is my Lord in such a Daughter?

Theo. But if the Lady's Father be so Happy,
How Happy would a favour'd Lover be?

Re-enter Hon. L. B. Al. Bel. Vict. and Col.

Hor. [Aside.] I should be to the last Degree concern'd,
Ev'n if th' advantage were upon my side,
To have my Friend and Brother for my Rival:
Else I could pity him, who cannot see
VVhich of those two deserves Pre-eminence.

*Hora. retires; But Eyes Victoria passionately,
during the Scene.*

L. B. I never yet saw any thing so pretty.

Col. All Nature's various Beauties are compriz'd
VVithin the Circle of this Paradise.

L. B. No Skill is wanting, nor Expençe omitted.

Col. The Scituation is so advantagious,
The disposition of the whole, my Lord,
Is so exact; I do not see a Place
That needs be better'd, If a wish would do't.

Hon. I brought you back this way, that you might have
As little trouble from the Sun as can be:
Now see the other side of this small Garden,
Then I will beg your Judgment of the whole.

L. B. I cannot willingly go hence a while,
Here's Business for our Curiosity.

Hon. Apart to *Al.* Sister, my Friend expects——what
shall I say?

Alith. Has ten Years think you worn away my loss?
No, could my Grief equal my Sence of that, My

A Fatal Secret: Or,

My Life would end, before my Task were done,

Hon. Tho' you regard your self so little, Sister,
There's something due to two such hopeful Sons.

Alith. You, Brother, (may just Heav'n reward you for it)

Have made my Widow-hood supportable,

My Sons have scarce perceiv'd they have no Father,

So generously have you discharg'd the Care.

Tell my Lord therefore, in what Terms you please,

I ne'er will alter my Condition.

L. B. Observe that Picture Collonel against you.

Col. This Sir of *Icarus* you mean?

L. B. The same.

Look on it well, and tell me if the Painter

Was not a perfect Master in his Art:

And if at first one would not think it real.

Col. See how old *Dedalus* (who knew too well

The Danger the unwary Youth was in)

Forgetful of himself to save his Son,

Strives to come up to him — But all in vain —

'Tis now he truly feels that he is old.

L. B. Methinks I hear him call — He calls in vain,

In vain he gives the sign for his Return. —

Col. Either new Splendour Dazzles quite his Eyes,

Or what he sees, and more desires to see

Employs 'em wholly.

L. B. But when th' aspiring (tho' unskilful) Soarer,

With broken VVings was tumbling headlong down,

You may read Sorrow in the old Man's Face,

But no Amazement at the Tragedy.

Hon. Consider well this Piece, my Lord, 'tis worth it,

You'll seldom find so much variety

In so few Figures.

L. B. Here's a small Boat o'er taken with a Storm,

And overladen tho' it holds but three.

Hon. The Passions are express'd so much to Life,

That the Design needs no Interpreter.

Col. In the Man's Face is seen a deep concern,

But strange Irresolution too.

L. B. Unless, my Lord, you will decipher it,

We shall loose too much time in making Guesles.

Hon.

Hon. The Case indeed was nice, and this in short;
One of the Nymphs was lov'd by him in vain,
The other lov'd him as unhappily,
There was too many in the Boat by one.

L. B. I understand it now, he can't resolve
Which to Preserve at price of 'tothers loss.
Resistless Love tyrannically here
Commands in Favour of the one; But then
Just Gratitude and Generosity
So strongly Plead for t'other

Hon. In this Perplexity he wou'd be glad
To lose himself; Hee'd leap into the Sea,
If so he could; Acquit himself to both

Col. But both wou'd then be lost as well as he

Bel. Was ever such a lovely sorrow seen

In any Face as does appear in this

L. B. To Dye; and lose her Lover must be sad

Hon. But, Madam, you may read lines of Content,

As she would say, I'll preserve your Life;

Ev'n tho' it be to make my Rival happy

Col. The fear of Death mix'd with the fierce disdain;

Which in the other is so visible

Cannot Eclipse the killing Beauty there

Hon. Th' Aversion painted in those lowering Eyes

Against the suppliant despairing Lover

Declares too plain, that she had rather drown

Than owe her Life to him

Too well, alas! I now perceive the reason

Why he commended so extravagantly

The fair Belinda's Beauty

We manag'd both of us the same Design

Hon. Here's fair occasion for dispute indeed

But, if you please we'll give our sentiments

As we go on

Col. to Hor. My Lord, you're Musing! Walk along with

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Theo. follows Victoria: Pulls her by the Sleeve: They return: The rest go out.

*Theo. Victoria, Now the Company's employ'd,
Let you and I consult a while together:
For I have something which I must impart.*

Vict. You seem concern'd.

Theo. I am.

Vict. What is the matter?

*Theo. I have a heavy Pain about my Heart,
Which only you, my Love, can drive away.*

Vict. May never Theodore have any Pain

But what is in Victoria's Power to ease:

And then I'm sure he has not much to suffer.

*Theo. This Afternoon my Mother sent for me,
T'Acquaint me with the Secret of this Visit:*

That my Lord Belmont has demanded her

In Marriage, and to perfect the Alliance—

Vict. Offers his Daughter, Ha:

Theo. You've guess'd it, and with Terms so advantageous.

Vict. I need not ask you if it be embrac'd.

*Theo. As Love can never be without Concern,
Till all be put beyond the Reach of Fate,*

I must confess, that I am much alarm'd,

Least I, as eldest, should be pitch'd upon.

Vict. 'Tis more than probable it will be so.

Theo. Can you see Reason to believe so much,

And at the same time keep so calm a Temper?

Vict. You cannot think I am without my Fears;

But as I know my Theodor so well,

And have so just a Confidence in him,

I should be much sham'd that he should see 'em.

Theo. The best Use we can make of this Advice,

Is to take Care we may not be surpriz'd.

Vict. Surpris'd! as how?

Theo. I think I ought to have an Answer ready,

If it should prove indeed as I suspect.

Vict. That would be well; but difficult (I doubt)

To find one will be satisfactory.

Theo.

Theo. Easy enough if you'll contribute to it.
I've told you all I know, and possibly
All that there is as yet in this Affair:
But if there should be more, we've but one way,
Which can prevent the Mischief.

Vitt. What is that?

Theo. To get a Priest, and instantly be married.
What say'st thou? Do's this need Consideration?

Vitt. There is no need (you know my Heart too well)
For me to give you fresh Assurances:
No drowning Man could reach with greater Joy
His Hand to meet another friendly one,
Extended on the Bank to rescue him
From the fell Jaws of Fate, than I wou'd give
This Hand in Marriage, *Theodore*, to you.
But have you justly weigh'd what you propose?

Theo. I think I have.

Vitt. I will not urge what to a Father's due,
Nor what to my own Reputation: But——

Theo. Does what I offer injure that!

Vitt. When I reflect upon the Entertainment
I've from my very Cradle met with here,
That tho' my Life brought Death to her who bare me,
I never knew what 'twas to want a Mother:
Can I be so ingrateful in Return
To marry you, till I have her Consent,
To whom I have so deeply been oblig'd,
And lay a Scene of Discord in this House.

Theo. The Thing is nice, as you have stated it,
And at first Sight your Opposition just;
But look more narrowly, and then you'll see,
What I have offer'd can alone prevent
The Ill you so much apprehend.

Vitt. Indeed I don't conceive——I wish I could——

Theo. Hear what I say, then make a Judgment of it,
My Mother loves you with that Tenderness,
That, far from being in the least displeas'd,
She wou'd be glad you were that way her Daughter.

Vitt. I hope so; and in truth I do believe it;
Where's then the Hazard of acquainting her.

A Fatal Secret : Or,

With the kind Thoughts you've entertain'd of me?
We might be happy so and innocent.

Theo. But what my Love, if (ignorant of this) All
She should already prove engag'd by Promise?

Vitt. That cannot be without consulting you.

Theo. I must refuse, and say, I love another,
And who can tell how harshly that will sound?

But when I let her know, that I am marry'd,

That is a thing which cannot be undone;

And by it she will fairly stand acquitted.

Vitt. You argue subtilly, you puzzle me,

But yet you have not satisfy'd my Scruple.

Theo. This is enough, and yet this is not all.

But ere I do proceed, *Victoria*,

Answer me truly to one Question.

Vitt. Well; let me hear it.

Theo. I fear my Brother is in Love with you.

Vitt. Upon my Word I know of no such thing.

Theo. But do you not believe so?

Vitt. No. Do you!

Tell me, What is the Cause of this, my Love?

Theo. I am not jealous of your Heart, my Life,

I have all Satisfaction in you;

'Tis my Concern for poor *Horatio*,

Disturbs me now.

Vitt. Proceed, Sir, I observe you.

Theo. In his Behaviour to you I have noted

For some time past

What I suspected more than bare Esteem:

But now, just now thinking himself unseen,

How he devour'd you with his longing Eyes!

What fiery Glances, and what scalding Sighs!

Betray'd his Passion, I have seen too plain,

And understand too well to be deceiv'd;

And so must you, Do not deny it therefore.

Vitt. How strangely you enlarge!

Theo. No, I come short.

Vitt. I will confess, you have gone so far,

He has redoubled his Civilities

Of late; or rather I've observ'd em more.

But

But you would think me weak, and mighty vain,
Should I on such light Terms believe he lov'd me.

Theo. Our Souls are so much one, it is not strange
That the same Passion should inform 'em both.
I never made a Wish to have 'em differ,
Except it were in Love alone: But now —

Vitt. Why raise you to your self this causeless Fear?

Theo. No, No, It is not causeless; would it were:
But I'm acquainted better with the Power
Of those fair fatal Eyes,
And Oh! My sad prophetic Soul divines
Some strange and direful Consequence will follow
From this unfortunate Corrivallship.

Vitt. But now it comes afresh into my Mind,
This cannot be, you would impose upon me,
Forgetting quite how often you have told me,
He's a sworn mortal Enemy to Love.

Theo. He has pretended it, and does so still:
Whether it be that he is grown ashamed
(After such publick Declarations)
To change his Mind at last, I cannot tell:
Ev'n then he might deceive, for ought I know,
But I am sure I see him rightly now.

Vitt. Were it (but I am far from thinking so)
As you imagine, he will quickly find
(Tho' you have been so kind to look 'em o'er)
Defects enough in me to cure his Heart,
Were it more deeply wounded than it is.

Theo. Away——It has not fure been settled long;
For I had sooner then discover'd it.
I would not have him trust me with his Love,
Or find out mine till we are marry'd now:
Then his Consideration for me,
I know will more contribute to his Cure,
Than even his Despair.

Vitt. Why was our Love a Secret kept from him,
Who knew your Mind so well in all things else?

Theo. I cannot give you a good Reason for it;
But there is one, it should remain so now
A little longer. Are you yet convinc'd?

Vitt.

Vick. A heavy Dread sits close about my Heart,
Which checks my perfect Satisfaction:
But still I feel it too inclinable
To give you all it can, all you desire—
If you continue wilful, and insist—

Theo. I must, my Angel; and this very Night
Shall all things be dispos'd in readiness,
For my malicious Fortune's hard at work,
Contriving something to disturb our Quiet:
But this way we shall be before-hand with her.
Then all my Fears will be intirely charm'd:
For then will she be totally disarm'd. [Exeunt.]

A C T. II. Lord Belmont's Apartment. Belinda
is discover'd sitting in a Chair, in a pensive Po-
sture, Sylvia waiting behind her, after a while
she speaks.

Bel. MY foolish Heart is caught; nor can I guess, A)
A Stranger as I am to all this House,
What Usage it is like to meet withal. (sighs)

Sylvia. My Lady knows I'm here, but she forgets,
Lost wholly in unusual serious Thoughts:
In Love—I think indeed that's plain enough.
'Tis not my Fault if I have seen so much.

Bel. I'll make *Victoria* my Confident;
She in return perchance may make me hers:
But should she prove my Rival—She'd conceal
Her Love, she might, but not her Jealousie—
Thou may'st give that, if thy declining Charms
Are grown too weak to raise a mutual Flame.

Sylv. If I should venture now to steal away,
'Tis odds but she'd perceive it, No I'll stay.

Bel. But now suppose, not only that she loves,
But that she is secure of him thou lov'st;
Good Nature sure will prompt her to advise thee,
To have a Care and not ingage too far,
And then Despite, or else Despair may cure thee.

'Tis

'Tis possible sh' has kept a better Guard
Upon her Heart, or she may love elsewhere,
And then thou wilt secure a useful Friend.
It shall be so—— *(She turns and discovers Sylvia.)*
How long have you been here!

Sylv. I'm not ill-manner'd nor inquisitive:
You, your self, Madam, call'd me hither to you,
And sure you saw me at my coming in,
Is it your Pleasure I withdraw again?
For I perceive your Thoughts disturb'd, you sigh,
Talk to your self, as if you were——

Bel. In Love!

(Starting up.)

Sylv. Oh! Pardon me, I do not go so far;
Tho' Madam I might well (by what I've seen)
Suspect so much; and if I could do so,
I should consider't as a Punishment,
A just one too, for long-neglected Love.

Bel. How soon are all my Resolutions vanish'd! *(aside)*

Sylv. What Adorations were paid to you
From almost ev'ry Gallant of the Court!
And how were they receiv'd!

Bel. Leave off your Prating.

Sylv. I dare not, Madam, say with a Contempt,
But with most strange Insensibility.

Bel. *(laying her Hand upon Sylvia's Shoulder.)*
In vain I strive, my dear and faithful Maid,
To hide my self from you: you see me through,
But Oh how chang'd! the State of my poor Heart
Is very different now from what you've known it.
The Quiet's fled I once delighted in,
And once (Oh happy, happy once!) enjoy'd;
Desire, (a thing unknown to me till now)
Fell Doubt, and heavy Care, with all the rest
Of Loves unpeaceful Train possess the Place. *(weeps.)*

Sylv. Indulgent Heaven has been too bounteous,
To give you any Cause of Apprehension.
You e're should be unhappy in your Love.
For, Madam, if without designing it,
Those careless Eyes have made Ten Thousand Slaves;
What will they do, when you shall bid 'em kill.

Bel.

Bel. Alas! This Flattery my *Sylvia* —

Sylv. I flatter not, you know it well, there are
Too many bleeding Proofs of what I say.

Bel. Well — Since you have discover'd that I love,
Perhaps you know — to whom I send that Sigh :
Speak if you do —

Sylv. Madam, Indeed not I.

Bel. You've made your Observations on me ;
But are they all confin'd to me alone ?
Has the blind Deity

No other Worshipper within this Fane ?
Are all his Arrows lodg'd within my Breast ?

Sylv. I have but little Curiosity
Where I have no Concern ; and am a Stranger —

Bel. You do conceal ; or else have lost your Talent.
Tell me who make Exchange of Looks by Stealth,
What conquering Glances does *Victoria* send,
And whom are they directed to ?

Sylv. I'm not so skilful, Madam, as you think.

Bel. How came you then to find out me so soon ?

Sylv. A small Reflection on the Accident
Will banish all Suspicion of my cunning.

Bel. Open your Eyes then from this time I charge you
Let nothing 'scape your Notice — We'll confer
Quickly again, and farther on this Subject.

Sylv. Pray tell me, Madam, are you serious ?
For I can scarce believe my Eyes, or Ears,
Or yet imagine but you are in Jest.

Bel. In jest ! No, *Sylvia*, 'tis too sad a Truth.

Sylv. Henceforth then, Madam,
I with all Earnestness will let my self
To serve you in this matter, where before-hand
I prophecy all manner of Success. *(Enter Victoria)*

Bel. Here comes *Victoria* : Do you withdraw,
And watch. If any Interruption
Be coming towards us, Give me timely Warning.

Exit Sylvia.
Vict. Your Servant, Madam, I am come to see
How you're dispos'd to pass away the Evening.

Bel. Please you to sit, you have oblig'd me highly.

Vict. Do you not think that will be loss of Time?

And Madam, shall we not imploy it better
To hear the Musick of the pretty Birds,
Amongst the most delicious fragrant Scents?

Bel. Sure Madam 'tis too hor.

Vict. I fancy not:

But if it be, I'll lead you to a Grotto,
Excelling every Apartment in the House.
As much in Coolness, as it does in Beauty.

Bel. I only fear there will be Company
And I have something to communicate

Sylv. [hastily] My Lord, your Father, Madam, and the
Collonel are entring here.

Bel. Then let us take our Fortune in the Garden.

*Enter Lord Belmont and Collonel. The Ladies
going out.*

L. B. Oh, Madam! I disturb you, I'll retire.

Vict. My Lord, you don't. For we before were going
Into the Garden.

L. B. I have some Business with the Collonel
Of Moment, or I would have waited on you.

Bel. aside At this time I am very glad you have.

L. B. to Col. But by and by I'll find you out,
(*Exit L. B. Vict. & Sylvia.*)

Well: I will make no Difficulty to confess to
My Friend, I never in my whole Life labour'd
Under such violent Agitations of Spirit, as
I do at this Moment.

Col. How goes your Business on with the Lady *Althea*?

L. B. I propos'd it too soon; and shall be answer'd
this Evening, which will be a great deal sooner than I
desire.

Col. Especially if she should accept: For 'tis the Fear
of that gives you all this Uneasiness.

L. B. You read my Distemper right.

Col. There would be then no going back.
Persons of Quality are not to be us'd so.

D

L. B.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

L. B. You know the Reason of it too I doubt.

Col. The Lady *Victoria*. But——

L. B. But I'm in Years you'll say.

Col. How, My Lord! I would not say that to a Lover Of Sixty.

But do not take in the sweet Poyson too fast——

L. B. No grave Advice dear sweet Soldier. But you have shewn your self a Courtier, And shifted your Discourse dextrously.

Col. Not I, my Lord.

L. B. Yes, you have——Tell me truly, were you Not going to put me in mind of the Disparity between my Mistress and me?

Col. Truly, my Lord, I had no such Thought. I believe you Master of as much Vigour As ever, and (tho' I am not naturally jealous) Should be very much concern'd to have you For my Rival if I had a Mistress.

L. B. You flatter your Friend, for you'd but Laugh at my Competition with you in A Business of Love.

Col. Thanks to my Stars, I am far enough From the Danger.

L. B. You are one of those then, who believe Settlements would move a Ladies Compassion: Sooner than Sighs——But Raillery apart, (To which I am but little inclin'd at this Time) since the Death of the best Woman Upon Earth, I have not found in my self So strong a Desire to leave a Son Behind me, as since I have beheld *Victoria's* Fair Eyes, which have Fire in 'em, able——

Col. Nay, she has Beauty enough to excuse more Follies than unguided Youth can commit, or the most supercilious Philosopher find out, to rayl at.

L. B. I thank you Sir, you are civil to my Passion.

Col. To that wondrous Beauty is join'd a most obliging and modest Behaviour, both unaffected; a ready piercing Wit; a Judgment not ripe only, but so exalted beyond her Years——

L. B. All

L. B. All this, and Ten Thousand Times more than thou hast to say, or can be imagin'd, comes short of her Perfections: But this is meer Rapture in thee, and betrays thee plain enough; thou art my Rival; confess, confess; All men are, or will be so.

Col. (Dwell a little upon that Thought.) I am not your Rival, and could not give you any Trouble if I was: But there are Two young Lords in the Family, who have from their Childhood, convers'd familiarly with this charming Beauty; and 'tis hard to imagine otherwise, than that at least one of them should have his Heart touch'd, and have found the Means to make the Fair One sensible of it.

L. B. 'Tis a reasonable Apprehension this in you, and I thank you for it, though it be not very pleasing to me. But prithee tell me, Have you observ'd any thing of this Matter?

Col. Not I truly; but I am jealous for your Quiet: And 'tis really strange to me, that those Spirits, fiery, and enterprizing enough, shou'd be both dead to a Curiosity, so natural in all others, of seeing what Diversion is to be found at our own Court, and in foreign Countries.

L. B. Which you conclude must proceed from some very powerful Inclination at home.

Col. I can imagine no other Cause.

L. B. Make it thy Business to discover this, and believe thy Friend's Life, all the Pleasure of it at least, depends upon his good Fortune in this Affair.

Col. I hope not so. But do you think a dull Soldier can see through the close Mask of a young Lover.

L. B. You are intimate with 'em both: Raise a Discourse of the Lady when you are next in their Company; praise her to them, as you did even now to me: Observe who joyns most feelingly with you: So you will discover the Enemy: A great deal depends upon that.

Col. The surer Way would be to dispraise her: For what true Lover can bear that unmov'd?

A Fatal Secret: Or,

L. B. Do not suspect your Abilities: You're better furnish'd, than you know to penetrate into Love Secrets.

Col. Better than you think to dive into this. And perhaps I cannot only find out your Rival, (if there be one) but discover too if he be favour'd or not.

L. B. That would be of highest Importance to me, and if thou lov'st thy Friend spare no Pains in it, nor Cost if it be necessary: I'd give half my Estate to know this, if it be so, tho' perhaps it would be my Death; but then I should be out of my Pain.

Col. There is a certain Damsel, who waits upon her--

L. B. But canst thou make an Interest with her? I know Mony will do much with them.

Col. This is one, who wants no good Opinion of herself, and thinks I am desperately in Love with her, because now and then for want of better Employment, I have commended her Beauty.

L. B. Proceed—A delicate Engine this: Love and Mony too cannot fail. Command what Sums thou wilt.

Col. She would have it thought she knows all her Lady's Secrets.

L. B. So she may, there are young Ladies indiscreet enough, to intrust their Maids, with what they will conceal from their nearest Relations.

Col. I am much mistaken in the Lady *Victoria*, if she be one of them: However, a young Creature in Love, cannot be so constantly upon her Guard, but so near a Spy as her Woman will be able to make shrewd Gueses.

L. B. That's very true. Promise her Marriage.

Col. She would then unlade presently all she knows: For she has given me to understand already (in a civil way) She has no unkind Thoughts of my Person: But would you in earnest have me marry—

L. B. Marry! No, No! Nor have you so little Wit to follow it, if I should give you such foolish Counsel.

Col. I thought Sir I had been known to you for—

L. B. A Man of Honour ---- So you are.

Col.

Col. Indeed I have a little more Honour in my Nature, than is convenient for my Fortune, a greater Clog to a Man's Ease in so wicked a World, than a mortgag'd Estate : And had it not been for a Generosity, no where to be found but in your Lordship

L. B. What's this to the Purpose? The thing I desire of thee shall not hurt thy scrupulous Honour. She will release you of your Promise with all her Heart for a Sum of Mony : And I will furnish you with more to give her, than she will ask. Could I find out this Rival, I would rid my self of him, by demanding him for my Daughter. *(aside.)*

Col. I'll undertake, My Lord, to get out the Secret, if there be one, and known to her; and provided that be done, you will not care which Way.

L. B. Here she comes luckily I'll withdraw, and leave you to your own Management. *(Exit.)*

Enter Lucy. Goes back again.

Col. Stay, my pretty *Lucy*; the Coast is clear you see: You were not so kind to intend this a Visit to me?

Lucy. No indeed Sir: How should I know you were here? My Lady commanded me to follow her hither. I must go seek her out. Adieu.

Col. Nay, you must not yet a while. Is not the Time better spent with your Servant, than with your Mistress? Methinks it should.

Lucy. I confess, Collonel, I love to hear you talk: But do not think I am so silly to believe you are in earnest.

Col. If you won't believe me, believe your own Eyes; look in the Glass, and contradict me if you can, when I swear to you, you are the prettiest Creature I ever saw.

Lucy. No; you don't think so: I wish you did.

Col. By this Kiss, dear *Lucy*, I do.

Lucy. No, no, you must not kiss. But you do not: I'm sure; for if you did——

Col. What then?

Lucy. What then? Why then

Col.

A Fatal Secret? Or,

Col. Out with it : Why dost thou stop so ?

Lucy. Why then you would marry me.

Col. Marry thee --- Hum --- Ay, so I would, if I had an Estate to keep thee, Child.

Lucy. Why, wou'd you make me believe that so fine a Gentleman as you can be without an Estate?

Col. It happens so at this time to my Sorrow : And now, I warrant, you wou'd not marry me.

Lucy. I wish I had as much Mony tho' as would make you ask me the Question.

Col. That's lovingly said in troth, I must own it. What if I could put you in a way to get so much.

Lucy. That cannot be.

Col. Mind what I say to you. My Lord *Belmont* is a Man of a very great Estate.

Lucy. That may be : But what shall I be the better for't ?

Col. You may, if you will be advis'd by me. He is with that, the kindest and most generous Man in the World, and will never rest, till he has enrich'd all them that do him any acceptable Service.

Lucy. I am not able to imagine what you mean by all this.

Col. He is desperately in Love with your Lady— Now do you begin to conceive me ?

Lucy. In Love with my Lady !

Col. Yes, and so deeply, that she will kill him, if she be cruel to him.

Lucy. I'm afraid he's in danger then. He's an old Man.

Col. You are mistaken in him. But being naturally liberal and in Love, what will he give do you think to them who will help to save his Life.

Lucy. How can I help to save his Life ! If my Lady does not like him. Can I make her ?

Col. Make her --- No, I do not think that.

Lucy. What would you have me do then ?

Col.

Col. Only answer me truly to Three or Four Questions, and my Lord has given me Power to promise you what ever you will ask.

Lucy. Must I betray my Lady's Secrets?

Col. Betray, Child! That's a hard Word. Not so: But dost thou not think of 'em sometimes?

Lucy. How can I help that?

Col. That's repeating 'em to your self, is it not? Now 'tis no more than this to tell 'em me, who am the better half of your self, if you love me so well as I do you. I find a Man may dissemble, when he resolves upon it.

(aside.)

Lucy. I love you better than you do me I'm sure. But will my Lord *Belmont* keep his Promise with me?

Col. Most certainly.

Lucy. Nay, I will not be unreasonable: You shall be Judge. I will ask no more than you bid me. And will you be sure to keep yours?

Col. Look upon me, and tell me if you see any thing in my Face, that can make you suspect me. If this won't do, I know not what will. *(aside.)*

Lucy. You have a very perswading Face, Collonel, I must own, But whatever you say now, you will be sham'd of me because—

Col. Sham'd of thee! No, no, thou art a Gentleman's Daughter I'm sure. That's visible, plain enough.

Lucy. Indeed am I, Colonel. My Father sent me hither to learn Breeding, and keep my Lady *Victoria* Company: Not because he did not know how to maintain me: For he is able to give me, and will I'm sure, if I marry a Gentleman—he has often told me so—a very good Portion, I will not say how much.

Col. You are a Portion your self, my dear *Lucy*, you need no other, but if you did, I have shewn you a certain and honest way to obtain it, (which will do you no Hurt however) therefore, come quickly to the Point, and first tell me, if your Lady be in Love or not:

Lucy.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Lucy. I would do any thing to gain your good Will. To tell you the Truth, I do not believe my Lady is in Love at all yet.

Col. Do not deceive me.

Lucy. I would not for a World.

Col. These Lords are either of 'em as likely to raise a Passion in a young Lady's Heart——

Lucy. Truly so they are: But that Business is not done yet, as I can perceive, and I'm sure I should have found it.

Col. Which of 'em is in Love with her then? Or are they both so? Tell me. You must have observ'd something of that.

Lucy. They both admire her highly: But if I have any Skill in these matters, Lord *Theodore*, the Eldest, is deeply smitten.

Col. Watch her more narrowly for the future, 'twill be the nearest way to our Happiness, which you do not long for half so much as I.

Lucy. Ah! But I do.

Col. Let me oblige you therefore by this—*(Kisses her.)*

Lucy. You won't care for me if I let you——

Col. And this——

Lucy. Oh some body's coming. *(She breaks from him, and is running out, he after her, is met and stopp'd by Horatio.)*

Col. One Word more.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Hold Soldier, hold: Content your self with the Honour of the Field, pursue the Foe no farther, for Fear of an Ambuscade, the whole Body of the Army is marching from the Garden to this Place, I can assure you and just upon you.

Col. You see my Lord, I'm humble.

Hor. I bring no false Intelligence: The fair Van is arriv'd already.

Enter

Enter Belinda and Victoria.

Vict. Whatever Difficulties I may meet
Where I shall love, it pleases me to think
I am not to dispute a Heart with you.

Bel. I thank you, Madam, for that Cordial:
But I'm in Fear lest those attractive Eyes
May have done Mischief where they never meant it.

Vict. I'm in your Debt for this; but you have try'd
The Virtue of your own so often Madam—

Col. Never was any thing so beautiful.
Have you been able to defend your self
Against this Miracle?

Enter Alith, Hon. L. Belm. and Theodore.

Hon. (smiling) I have a Heart of Brass.

Col. I shall think so—If—My Lord—

(He beckons to Theo. who comes to them.)

Alith. The Evening is indeed enough inviting;
But we shall have enough of 'em I hope:
Now Sir I beg of you to take your share To L. Belm. who
Of a Divertisement, I have prepar'd is whispering with
Lady Belinda, for your Entertainment. Honorius.
For you I fear will fancy you are brought
Into a sad and solitary Desert,
Which affords nothing but a few old Trees.

Bel. I give you, Madam, all Acknowledgments
For the great Favour, tho' I truly think
I can want nothing here, unless it be
Time to observe so many Rarities,
And Skill enough t'admire 'em as I ought,
And so as they deserve.

Alith. I must not have a mean Opinion
Of whatsoe're it be, that can provoke
The Commendation of so fair a Mouth.

E

L. B. She

A Fatal Secret: Or,

L. B. She must dissemble much/beyond her Sex,
I'm sure, unless she speak the Truth in this.
And as I think she is
Too young to have much of that Art as yet;
So there is no Occasion for it now.

Alith. The Change of Places Madam may do some-
(thing
Make you endure to look on this, while you
Consider't only as a transient Scene:
But if you were to be confin'd to it,
Perhaps you'd then talk otherwise.

Hon. to L. Belm. She very willingly consents to that:
apart. As to the other, she must beg Excuse,
Having oblig'd herself by solemn Vow
Never to marry more, For else——My Lord——

L. B. I must endure it, since it is my Fate.

Hon. I wish I could have brought you her Consent.

L. B. So do not I. (*aside.*)

Hon. My Lord I am your Servant (*they part*)

L. B. Col'nel, a Word. What Progress have you made?

Col. Your Looks are something alter'd since just now

L. B. I am deliver'd now from all my Fears,
If you have any Hopes for me——

Col. The Lady has sent you a civil Denial?

L. B. Thanks to my Stars, my Friend; and has agreed
To the Proposal of my Daughter's Marriage.

Col. You had no Reason, Sir, to doubt of that.

L. B. I'm glad on't tho': But what have you done, Sir?

Col. Why—I have stretch'd my Conscience for you Sir
Tho' I have gain'd but little by it yet.

L. B. Let's hear what 'tis however. (*they talk apart.*)

Theo. to Vict. apart) As soon as e're the Company is risen
I'll steal from hence; Go you then out, my Dear,
The other way, and meet me in the Chappel:
I have secur'd a Priest, who will be there
Expecting us.

Vict. I will observe, my Love, and meet you there.

Hon. Who waits? (*Enter Servants.*)

L. Serv. Your Pleasure, My Lord?

Hon. Open

Hon. Open those Doors.

(Musick.

The Scene draws. A Banquet
prepar'd. A Dance of Sheppards
and Nymphs.

Alith. taking Bel. by the
hand.

A small Collation Madam waits you there.

(They go within the Scene, follow'd by all,
except L. Belmont.

L. B. In all Appearance, Theodor's the Man,
I'll therefore at a venture pitch on him ;
And when *Victoria* shall find her self
Depriv'd of him, I may be look'd upon.
Young Gallants now usurp the Womens Province,
Value themselves upon a handsom Face,
Affect to dress with Air, and lisp with Grace:
We, who are past these Follies, in their stead,
Must draw Advantage from a thinking Head

(Exit. following the rest, the Scene shuts.

Act. III. Scene continues : All sitting at the Table,
Hon. and L. B. seem earnest in Discourse, Horatio
and Belinda come near the Audience.

Hor. **F**OR in a Place, where one's as much asham'd
To own a Heart that is insensible,
As 'tis impossible to keep it so ;
An apprehensive Lover cannot, Madam,
But meet perpetual Traverses:
And (what wou'd shock a Man who loves his Quiet)
He'd feel as much from causeless Jealousies,
As from well-grounded ones.

Bel. A great deal more should it be known he were
Inclinable to that: Then ev'ry Body
Wou'd take a mighty Pleasure to torment him ;
They'd watch his Eyes, more than his Mistresses,
And offer up malicious artful Sighs,
Whenever they perceiv'd him on the spy.

Hor. Is it the Talent then of every Man
Do you think, Madam, to be satisfy'd
Of his own Merit so, as not to be

Under most violent Uneasinesses
In such a Case?

Bel. What will you say, Sir, when the Lady is
Gracious enough t'assure him, he alone
Has been so happy as to touch her Heart?
Will those be reasonable Occasions then,
For his Disturbance and Uneasiness,
Or will they be Additions to his Triumph.

Hor. That I confess would alter much the case,
If sad Examples were but rarely found
Of those, who are undone for want of skill,
To make right Judgment of their Lady's usage;
Who owning true and faithful Hearts themselves,
Have been from thence dispos'd too easily,
To think they meet a suitable Return
From the bright object of their Adorations.

Bel. There always is false Love enough at Court,
To raise a just Esteem of what is real:
But is there no deceit too in the Country?
Where is the place poor Women do not suffer
From their Credulity more than the Men?

Hor. Some may: Yet I believe you will allow,
It does not come so often to their turn.

Bel. I grant you have Appearance on your side
In what you say; but then the reason for't,
Is manifest enough. Our Sex lament
Their wrongs in private; You proclaim yours loud.

Hor. and L. B. go to Alith.

Hon. Sister, my Lord desires—

Hor. I cannot but observe (on this Occasion)
That Ladies love sometimes to be severe;
To find those very faults amongst the Men,
They're in no danger to be injur'd by:
For, Madam, you your self have no Concern
In this Complaint, or else the Courriers
Are not so sensible as I have thought 'em.

Bel. All Gallantry is not confin'd to Court
I see: But shall I ask you, Sir, one Question?

Hor. If you please, Madam,

Alith. to L. B.) I wou'd propose it now if he was here.

To

To-morrow Morning, Sir, it shall be done.

Bel. I do not doubt but all will make Pretence
To truth, in Conversation with the Ladies,

Hor. It is the only Virtue we are proud of,
We have no wrought Subtilties.

Bel. Do not forsaken Lovers here complain
Of the false Vows and faithless Wiles of Men?
Are they all just to their Professions?

Hor. Indeed I cannot answer for 'em all.

Bel. That were too much, I may be satisfied.

L. B. Belinda, You will go along with me.

Hor. Well, Madam, we will finish this Dispute
Some other time. I am your humble Servant.

Bel. Your Servant, Sir. 'Tis well my Father call'd,
I should have gone too far. *(aside.)*

(Exeunt L. B. and Bel. Alith. and

Hono. come forwards to Horatio.)

Alith. I saw your Brother (e'er he went away)
Whisper to you: Can you tell where he's gone?

Hor. Madam, he said he'd soon return again.

Alith. I wou'd have spoken with him if I cou'd,
Before I went to Bed:

That he might have consider'd well this Night,
How he will like the means of an Address,
That's offer'd him to beauteous *Belinda.*

Hor. I'm glad o' that *(aside.)* *Belinda!* Offer'd him!

Alith. Yes: My Lord *Belmont* has propos'd to settle
Half his Estate upon 'em at their Marriage.

Hor. Were there a Wight, mean spirited enough
To sell away his Liberty to Wrinkles,
He ne'er could hope to get so high a Price.
There is not such a Fortune in the Kingdom.
Yes truly in so excellent a Lady,
That is a thing the least considerable.

Alith. He mention'd this before in general Terms,
But never was particular, till now.
How, think you, will your Brother relish it?

Hor. As he ought, Madam, there's no doubt of it.
He must be overjoy'd. *(I am, I'm sure.)*

(aside.)
Alith.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Alith. Do you then tell him I wou'd speak with him
To morrow Morning early.

Hor. Madam, I will.

Exit Alith.

Hono. The Company is broken up this Night
Much sooner, is it not, than usual?

Hor. Sure I observ'd, Sir, some Uneasiness
In my Lord *Belmont*.

Hono. You might so, when my Daughter left the
Room.

Hor. How! Do you think, Sir, he's in Love with her?

Hono. He tells me so, and has engag'd me half.

Hor. I hope, my Lord, you are not so far engag'd,
That you wou'd ruin me, if I shou'd prove so fortunate
To gain an Int'rest in her.

Hono. I have resolv'd to leave her to her Choice,
But do you love her, Nephew?

Hor. So much, I find I cannot live without her.

Hono. What Progress have you made in the Affair?
D'you fancy you have gotten near her Heart?

Hor. I dare not, Sir, flatter my self so far.

Hono. How very bashful you young Lovers are,
Is she acquainted with your Passion yet.

Hor. I know not; but I'm sure no otherwise,
Than by the most profound Submissions,
And languishing Regards I could devise.

Hono. She is too young to understand that Language.
How long is't since you have been in this Condition?

Hor. You ask me now, my Lord, a Question,
To which I scarce know how to give an Answer,
I long have been an Enemy to Love,
And was his Slave before I well perceiv'd it.

Hono. Get her consent, and you are sure of mine.

Hor. My Lord, I give you my most humble thanks.

Hono. You know your Rival.

Enter Victoria.

Hor. I do not fear him much, since you'll be neuter.

Hono. Here comes my Daughter, Sir, attack her fairly,
I'll quit the place to you. *Exit Honorius.*

Hor. Thy Courage fails thee at thy greatest need,
Art thou afraid of Beauty! 'Tis not that, *(aside.*
I fear

I fear I have observ'd some Tenderness
In this bright killing Beauty for my Brother.
Fairest *Victoria*, will you pardon me,
If I detain you here a little while? (to her.)
I have great News to tell you.

Vict. What, my Lord

Hor. That splendid Preparations are begun,
And we shall have a Wedding quickly here.

Vict. May not I know the happy Couple?

Hor. My Brother, and the beautiful *Belinda*.
Just now my Mother told me 'twas concluded.
She does not shew the least Concern at this; [aside.]
I hope I am mistaken.

Vict. We all must joyn, my Lord, and have our Shares
(Must we not?) in this general Satisfaction.

Hor. As Brother, and as Friend to *Theodor*,
A double Portion of it will be mine;
But I've a Reason more particular,
Why I am so much overjoy'd at it
My Brother's will not be the only Wedding,
Unless you, Madam, prove my Enemy.

Vict. I ne'er can be your Enemy, my Lord.

Hor. How small encouragement will serve a Lover!
Can you consent then to establish me
In all the Happiness I have to wish?

Vict. I do not understand your meaning, Sir.

Hor. 'Tis then because you will not, cruel one;
Cou'd I say more than ever Tongue express'd,
As my poor bleeding Heart now suffers more,
Than ever any felt, I would assay,
Adventure to dress up my Love in words;
A Task as difficult as his would be,
Who (from a fond Opinion of his Wit)
Should undertake to set forth to the Life,
Those rare unspeakable Perfections.

Vict. Indeed, my Lord, I am very much surpriz'd.

Hor. Forgive me, if I'm bold enough to say
You cannot be surpriz'd—— You cannot much.
My Tongue has kept unwilling Silence long,
But in my Eyes you've often read my Love.
And many Thousand artless Signs have told you,
I languish and I die for you alone.

Vict.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Viſt. Permit me, I beſeech you, to retire;
'Tis growing late, my Lord.

Hor. 'Tis not ſo late---But you would have me know
That my diſcourſe is not ſo pleaſing to you.
'Twill yet a little eaſe my Sufferings,
That now you know I ſuffer all for you;
And I'll perſiſt with ſo much Conſtancy,
That I ſhall one Day tire your Rigour out;
There's one thing more, I muſt acquaint you with,
'Tis by your Father's Approbation,
I lay beneath your Feet a wounded Heart,
Which never would have worn another's Chains,
Had it miſs'd yours.

Viſt. I beg you to believe me ſenſible
Of th' Honour you are pleas'd to offer me:
Nor am I blind to your great Merit, Sir,
But-----

Hor. Seek no ſoft Term to guild your Rigour, Madam,
But tell me I muſt die, and I'll obey,
For in that Inſtant I deſpair of you-----

Viſt. You know not yet how Fortune labours for you:
But if indeed you have miſplac'd your Love,
Upon an Object ſo unworthy of it,
She has provided for you ſuch a Cure.

Hor. Should ſhe diſcover me to all the Wealth
That's hidden in the Caverns of the Earth,
And with that give me all the tempting Store,
The wide-mouth'd Sea has ſwallow'd up, or Breeds;
Unleſs ſhe could procure me too your Favour,
I would deſpiſe all hers.

Viſt. You have a great and generous Soul, my Lord,
Where Intereſt has no Dominion,
But are you ſenc'd as well from Beauty's Charms?

Hor. My Heart is there but too too ſenſible,
Unleſs more Pity could be found in yours.

Viſt. To morrow you may poſſibly know more.

Hor. Shall you know more of your own mind to morrow?

Viſt. Reſpit your Curioſity till then.

Hor. Madam, I muſt if you will have it ſo
But do not think that I ſhall ſleep one wink,
Till you will let me know my Deſtiny. Till

Till then I'll Live on this. [*Seizes her Hand. Kisses it.*
A happy Rest, and all the Joys you Wish,
Attend you. I'll Go Seek my Brother out.
Vict. Good Night, my Lord.

Enter Belinda. [*He Bows looking upon her passionately.*] *Belinda Enters and Perceives it.* [*Exit Hor.*

Bel. Death to my hopes, what is it that I see!

Aside. { Ah, Jealousy, how peircing are thine Eyes?
And how much better would it be for us
Poor suffering Mortals, thou wer't blind as Love?
I came t' Acquaint you, Madam, with one Grief,
And here I find New Subject for another. [*to her.*

Vict. May you mistake the Cause of your Concern
As much in that, as you have done in this,
Then you've no Reason to Complain I'm sure.

Bel. Madam, I have that Confidence in you,
I think I could not sooner Trust my Eyes;
And if you will Assure me they deceive me,
That what I saw *Horatio* Pay you now
Was barely Admiration, I'll Beleive it.

Vict. I could not, Madam Hope, to satisfy you,
Not throughly, and so well as I wou'd wish,
Cou'd I not Give you Demonstration:
For which I will not Ask a longer Time
Than till to Morrow.

Madam, good Night: A quiet Rest Attend you.

Bel. I wish my Friend a Happy Rest: But mine,
Of my whole Life, not of one single Night,
Depends upon your Demonstration.

Enter Theodor. *Exit Bel. one way.* *Vict.*
going out another, is met by Theodor.

Theo. You could not sure have gon to Bed, my Love,
Untill we had Agreed how we should meet
When all the House is safe.

Call Horatio

Vict.

Vitt. We're Marry'd; and what Power has a Wife!
Were I still Mistress, I shou'd still Command,
Now I'm Contented to Intreat, my Lord,
That Reason be the Judge.

Theo. With all my Heart. Can you Produce the least
To Combate my Desire?

Vitt. I could, if you were Master of a Temper.
To Please you I have gon thus far, my Love:
Now I Expect you should Acquaint your Mother
What we have done before —

Theo. It is too late, I can't Disturb her now:
She's (where we ought t' have been e're this) in Bed.

Vitt. You need not now; To Morrow's time enough.

Theo. Who can Love well, and Talk thus! fy---no more.
Let me Command this once, I Beg of thee,
For ever after I will be thy Slave.

Vitt. I'll Cease to Ask what's Reason is its self,
And Own 'tis Reason you should be Obey'd:
And so you ever shall, my Lord, by me,
Both now, and whil'st I Live.

Theo. By Twelve all's quiet: say, Is that the Hour?

Vitt. I've a strange Heaviness upon my Spirits.

Theo. A Heaviness! I'll Kiss it soon away.

[*He Kisses her.*]

Enter Horatio. [*Hor. Enters and sees him.*]

Hor. What do I see! [*Steps back and Harkens.*]

Theo. My Soul, I hardly can forbear this Minute,
And wou'd you have me lose this precious Night?

Hor. What do I Hear! 'Tis all Illusion sure. [*Aside.*]

Vitt. My Lord, I've Yelided: Now do you Consider
How near your Mother's Chamber is to mine,
Who is so very wakeful, the least Thing —

Theo. I will not Venture then to Whisper to thee,
For Love knows fundry Eloquent ways to Talk:
I'll Stifle ev'ry little Broaken Murmur,
And Steal my Sighs so very carefully,
They shall not be o'reheard, cou'd she suspect.
We'll Teach our eager Lips the Art to meet,

And

And Part again as softly — Thus — and Thus, [*Kisses again.*
Oh! Tell me quickly what shall be the Signal.

Vic. Three gentle strokes upon the upper Part
Of the Back-door, which Opens to the Garden.

*Call Theod.
Alithca.*

To make all safe, I'll Let you in my self;
For I will send my Maid before to Bed,
Who always takes away the Light with her.
Remember, that you must not speak one word,
And have a Care before you make no Noise.

Theo. All shall be very punctually Observ'd:
But hast, my Life: for I'm impatient,
And will be with thee soon. [*Exeunt severally.*

Hor. Comes upon the Stage.

Hor. Sol. Can she Reject, Disdain my honest Love,
And in that very Minute Condescend
To meet my Brother's loose Embraces? Hell!
It cannot be — Did'st thou not Hear't thy self?
Deny thy Senses — then Accept of me
To Morrow — ha! when he has Riffled all —
Thou'rt a fit Tool to make a Husband of;
Oh! she has studied thee, and found thy use.
Death! This is consummated Impudence.
What long experienc'd Trader cou'd do more?

*Enter Alith. and Theo. [Appear earnest in
Talk.]*

My Mother, and the happy Theodor.
What Demon is it that Inspires this thought?
They will not quickly Part: I've time enough.

"Speak not one word (*I will not I am sure*)

"My Maid does always take away the Light.

How can she then know me from Theodor? —

It cannot fail — But now — will this be fair —

*Call Belm.
Colones.*

My Brother may not have Perceiv'd my Love,

Or does not know that I would Marry her:

She does — And will be after good enough

To make a Mistress of.

[*Exit Horatio.*

Alith.

*A Fatal Secret: Or,**Alith. and Theod. come forward.*

Theo. I am all Duty, your Commands have ever,
And shall be held by me most sacred, Madam.

Alith. I never will, by any hard Injunction,
Tempt thee to Disobedience, my Son.
But tell me freely, do you think this one?

Theo. Madam, I think you have not made it one,
And I Beseech you do not do so yet.

Alith. You know I am a foe to all Constraint.

Theo. If e're my mind frames an Intention,
But what Agrees in ev'ry Point with yours,
I will produce you such strong Reason for't
As I am confident you will Approve.

Alith. 'Tis late — — You'll see me to my Chamber.

Theo. Oh, how unlucky's this! [*Aside.*

[*He takes her by the Hand.*

Alith. I'll have you tho' Consider well one thing:
Your Father's Friend must take it ill to meet
With your Refusal: and He'll Call it so
Cloath your Excuse (if you are seeking one)
In the best Terms you can. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to that part of the Garden
where Victoria's Apartment is.*

Enter L. Belm. and Coll.

Coll. I am not Surpriz'd at your Impatience, my Lord,
nor much concern'd at it: some Happiness, at least in
Imagination, goes along with that; and if you were to
suffer from nothing else, the Dream might have as
much Pleasure as Pain in it.

L. B. Love Requires to be Satisfy'd in all things, and
is as busie in tormenting as in pleasing its self, equally So-
licitous to know ev'ry Circumstance. Therefore prithee
Pardon my weakness, and do not think it too much
Pains to Repeat to me once more what you Learn'd
from *Victoria's* Woman.

Call Horatio.

Coll.

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Coll. She told me she was of Opinion that Lord *Theodor* was in Love with her Lady.

L. B. I hope I have secur'd my self against him. She does not know so much then? [*Aside to the Coll.*]

Coll. No, only good Grounds for Suspicion.

L. B. What are they? Does she Receive his Letters? meet him privately? Do not Conceal any thing from me, if you Love my quiet.

Coll. I told you Sir, She is so far from being able to inform her Lady makes any Return to this Love; that She cannot yet Discover whither he has Acquainted her with it, or not.

L. B. Very well, my Dear *Coll.* Proceed. I mistook

Coll. Nay Sir, I have told you all. (you

L. B. What Account did She give you of *Horatio*? I saw you and the Two Brothers I thought pretty earnest together.

Coll. I wou'd have Ingag'd 'em if I cou'd: But they were stanch, and upon their Guard both. As for *Horatio*, he is, or pretends to be a declar'd Enemy to Love; so that we can make no Judgment of him yet.

L. B. But She will be diligent and Observe?

Coll. She will be very hearty in her Calling, Sir, do not doubt it, and Betray her Mistress to you most faithfully.

L. B. Let me tell you then, She will have a fair Occasion very soon. For the Lady *Alithea* and I have Agreed upon a Marriage between my Daughter and *Theodor*, which will be Propos'd to him to Morrow Morning.

Coll. Now I Perceive the true Reason why he was so inquisitive after a Rival. [*Aside.*]

For ought I know, my Lord, we may stay here till then, if you are Resolv'd (as it seems to me you are) to play the Gallant, and not go from hence till you have seen your Mistress, or at least her Shadow by the help of a Candle; and I fancy you would Compound now for even that.

L. B. Notwithstanding your Railery, my good Friend, and to let you see I am proof against it, I will Confess I came hither in hopes only to have had a small Glimpse of her from her Window. But I doubt She is

in

A Fatal Secret; Or,

in Bed before this time.

Coll. If you are sure that's her Apartment; I am sure there has not been a Light in any Window belonging to it, since we came into the Garden.

L. B. Whist — Let's go down this way. [*Ex. L. B. and Coll.*]

Enter Horatio.

Hor. That's my Lord & Belmont's Voice, I think.

[*following and hearkning.*]

Call Ld. Belm. Colen. He's gone. Indeed he Loves upon great Disadvantage here. Two to one is odds.

Thus far all's well, I'm sure I got the start. She has made her self unworthy my Esteem, What is there then that ought to Hinder me

From taking of a sweet and just Revenge

When all things have Conspir'd to favour it.

She can't Discover me till all be past,

And then, let what will come, I do not Care.

[*Gives the Sign. Is let in.*]

Re-enter Lord Belm. and Colonell.

Coll. Are you now Satisfy'd, my Lord, you have lost your Labour?

L. B. Yes; But am as confident too, that I am not the only one has done so. For I can't but Believe I Perceiv'd somebody (dark as it is) coming towards us, which made me Turn down the other Walk; having no mind to be Discov'red here.

Call Theodor.

Coll. One of the under-Gardners, reeling from the Cellar to find a cool Bank; and well enough fortify'd against Love, I'll warrant you.

L. B. No, no: This was some other Adventurer: I'm sure I heard a Sigh, and such a one as does not use to come from Gardners.

Coll. Is your Lordship of Opinion then, that those of that Condition are free from Love?

L. B. I do not think they are wholly But they seldom know

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know more of it than a good hearty natural Appetite, without distinguishing very nicely.

Coll. I do not know but they may be happier than we with our refin'd Passions.

L. B. You do not know you say; truly I believe you, and may you never.

Coll. You think you have curs'd me heavily, my Lord.

L. B. But can'st thou in earnest be such a Beast, as not to Understand Distinction!

Coll. I Understand the difference well enough between Young and Old, Handsome and Ugly, Cleanly and Nasty, and the like; a quality which I hope you have not Observ'd in Beasts. But —

L. B. I will not go about to stop you, now you are so eager: You may hold on, but it shall be by your self.

[Exit, follow'd by the Coll.]

Enter Theo. [*He follows a little way Ob-* *Enter Theodor.*
serving 'em.]

Theo. They're gone at last, and this auspicious Night,
(More worth than all the Days thy Life 'ere knew,
Or can) is now thine own. [Gives the Signal.]

I wou'd not now forgoe th' expected Bliss —

I must Knock harder. For She does not hear.

[Knocks again.]

Not yet! What can the meaning be of this?

Death! I've bin stay'd till She is fall'n asleep! [Stamps.]

No, no: She wou'd not use me so — She cou'd not.

For cold, *Victoria*, as thou art by Nature,

And with command enough upon thy self

To Curb, or to Conceal thy Passion;

My faithful Love has touch'd thy Heart, and there

Some of my Longings are at Work I'm sure.

[Knocks again. and Harkens.]

I cannot be mistaken in the Place. [Harkens again.]

Oh the dear Creature's ill; She's ill, She's ill,

Or long e're this had I been in her Arms.

Tis so — I'll steal about to t'other Side —

The Disappointment's more than I can Bear,

And I'm as much Distracted with my Bear.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

ACT. IV. SCENE. *The Garden.**Hor. Solus, [from Vict. Apartment.]*

Call Theodor. Hor. **H**A! What Immortal? Pleasures have I tasted!
 Am I still Mortal? All that's so in me
 Wou'd I Exchange for such another Night.
 Fate, I Defie thee; give what wounds thou can'st,
 Spare me this happy, this most dear Remembrance,
 There's Balsome in't will quickly heal 'em up.
 I thought I could not have been more in Love.
 Oh, had those charming Softnesses been mine! —
 Had all those Languishings been meant to me! —
 Unpractis'd as She is, in Thefts of Love,
 Her fears must have Disturb'd the mighty Blifs,
 Had She been conscious to her self of Guilt.
 There's more in this than seem'd to me at First,
 Sure then my Brother has Betray'd her Virtue,
 Made Promises he never meant to Keep:
 If so, when his Deceit and mine Appears,
 She'll soon forgive this Trespass on her Love
 To him who will Preserve her Honour.

Enter Theodor pensively.

Theo. What wou'd I give, *Victoria*, to know
 How thou hast pass'd this Night of Expectation!
 Uneasily enough I'm very sure,
 Whatever was the Cause we could not meet.

Hor. May I Beleive my Eyes! Do they Behold
[coming to him.]

A happy Lover Sighing to the Trees!
 Were the bright Goddess cruel and averse,
 The early Hour wou'd not Appear so strange;
 That troubled mien, those Actions of Dispair
 Had been but decent, and might move her Pity:
 But when old *Hymen* (as the Poets Phrase it) —
 Is Putting on his Saffron-colour'd Coat —

Theo. Well, Brother, you have Kept your Liberty:
 But

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But you will one day be a Lover, when
You'll feel the Pleasures, and the Pains of Love;
Till then you can but weakly Guess at either.

Hor. I've fancy'd still that in an easy Bed
Transporting Visions if he were asleep,
Or sweet Imaginations if Awake,
Attended always at such Hours as these
Upon a Man so near Possession.

Theo. You're merry, free from Care; Continue so.

Hor. And 'tis too soon for you to give it Room:
But sure the Beauteous stranger will Divert it.
I do Confess I'm highly, th'roughly Pleas'd;
I never was, nor ever can be more:
But you're Concern'd, and I must Ask you why.

Theo. True, I am thoughtful, and have Reason for't.
You'll Pardon me, But Brother I must leave you.

Hor. Brother, It has been otherwise between us.
I well remember there was once a Time,
When *Theodore* wou'd have found out his Friend,
Wou'd have Communicated any Trouble,
And not held of till he was Ask'd. But now —
If the bare thought of Marriage Alters thus,
How will it be hereafter!

Theo. I've the same Friendship still I ever had,
And will Conserve it for you to my Grave:
Now I'm in hast, some few hours hence we'll meet —
Then I will lay my very Soul before you.

Aside. { 'Tis strange and odd. For ev'ry hour, and oftner,
I have (as we Agreed) Knock'd at her Door:
I'll thither once again. what can it mean!

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Hor. He's closely touch'd, and I am very sorry
To be the Cause of it: But certainly,
'Tis less in me to Cheat him of a Mistress,
Then 'twould be in my Brother to Corrupt
One, who shall (if She Pleases) be my Wife.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

*A Fatal Secret : Or,**Enter L. B. and Coll.*

L. B. Prithee, my Dear Colonell, if you Love me, no more of these Phylofophies.

Coll. Faith, my Lord, my Philofophies (if you — will call 'em fo) wou'd have been afleep with me had not you Rous'd 'em before their time.

L. B. Indeed I fhould have confid' red, that as your — Quarters were Beaten up this Morning a little to foon, 'tis not ftrange you fhould be fevere upon the Occafion of it. You Souldiers are for putting ev'ry body out of pain prefently: Lovers are for a lingering Death, and if you could Conceive how Paffionately —

Coll. 'Tis therefore I'm fo much concern'd. You muft Stop while you can the Career, or the hot-mouth'd Beaft will Run with you directly down a — Precipice. Paffionate Love! a digefted, Methodiz'd Madnefs. We Blind our Reason, Arm our fancy, and —

L. B. What a Career wou'd here be if you were not Stop'd!

Enter Bel. and Vict. [undrefs'd, within the Scenes.]

Sure all this Family's in Love, like me,
That Sleep is Chas'd away from ev'ry Eye.
Juft now we faw the Two Young Lords.

Coll. Pensive, and wand'ring each a feveral way.

Bel. Heav'n Keep your Lordfhip ever.

L. B. All Bleffings wait upon my deareft Child.

[To Vict.]

Good Morning, fair One: Is it ufual with you?
Or do you Rife thus early to Survey,
Or to Inlarge your Conquefts? Or does Love
Efpoufe their quarrel, and Revenge your Slaves?
Intrench a little on your foft Repofe?
It is but juft, that you fhould feel your felf
Something of that, which you make others fuffer.

L. B.

L. B. Yonder's my Daughter and my pretty Mistress.

Enter Honorius and Alithea.

Coll. Here comes the Lady *Alithea* too,
And Lord *Honorius*!

I ever look'd upon her as my own, [Al. to Hon.
And am well pleas'd to think I shall not lose her.

Hono. When I have settled her to her Content,
My greatest Bus'ness in the World is over.

Alith. I've been disturb'd this Night so horribly —
With such affright'ning such amazing fancies —
I was not able to Endure my Bed,
I am not Superstitious in such Cases:

But still my Mind Retains a strong Impression —
Hono. They're unaccountable, — not worth our
(thoughts —

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, As you commanded me, I've been
At each Apartment. They are both abroad.

Alith. They do not use to stir so early,

L. B. Madam, your Servant. [to Al.
Are you Enquiring for my Lords, your Sons?

Alith. Yes, Sir.

L. B. Just now I saw 'em there. They parted at that
corner, and can neither of 'em be far off,

Alith. Brother, we'll walk that way.

Hono. My Lord, your Servant. [Exeunt Hono. and Al.

L. B. My Lord when you're at Leisure —

Bel. Heav'ns Keep, &c.

Vic. Were I to feel much more than I can Cause,
It wou'd not Break my Rest, my Lord.

Coll. Ah! Madam, You are yet too Young to know
The force of those fair Eyes. If you'll Permit me,
I'll tell you with what Light'ning they are Charg'd,
How sure they Catch our Hearts, how fast they hold 'em.
But I Begin to fear I may Intrude,
That you've Design'd some private Conversation —
Your Silence Answers me, and I'll Withdraw

A Fatal Secret : Or,

To Watch a fitter Opportunity. [Bows going to Coll.
I've Broak the Ice: and now I'll lose no time.

[Exeunt L. B. and Coll.

Bel. Your Eyes are Conquerors, Madam, ev'ry where,
Nothing Resists, or 'scapes their Influence.
Ev'n Age its self is weakly Arm'd against 'em:
My Father's wounded home.

Viſt. Meer Gallantry, no more; or Raillery
At my Simplicity, and Ignorance.

Bel. I know him well: You'll find it as I tell you,
And are to suffer more than you desire
By Importunities from both of us.

I should not, had I well known what I did,
Have come this Morning so unseasonably —

Viſt. Then I must Interrupt (and you must Pardon)
To tell you what I hope you know already,
That you can never come unwish'd to me.

Bel. Since you have Generosity enough
To Give your Friendship, Madam, to a Stranger,
And can forgive so great a Rudeness too;
Deliver me from the Perplexity
I Labour under, which Inforces me
To Haunt you like a Ghost —

Viſt. You've been too long accusom'd to Inslave,
And are Asham'd of what you Apprehend.

Bel. My Heart has in it more of fear, than Pride —

Viſt. You know how little Cause you have for fear.

Bel. I therefore do Intreat you, and by all
That's dear to you, by what you wou'd be dear to,
Inform me of my Doom, what e're it be,
And do not out of Pity spare my Pain:
For Jealousy's the greatest in the world.
Tell me the worst, and if that be my Lot,
I have a small Reserve of Reason left.

Viſt. 'Tis what I fear I should not have to Boast,
Had my malicious Destiny Contriv'd
For me a Rival, where I have a Friend.
But we are both secure enough of that.
To Ease your mind, and shew my just Esteem,

[Theo. Appears at a distance.

Enter

Enter Theod.

I will commit a secret to your Trust,
Which for a few Days must continue so:
I know I use Precaution enough
In Telling you 'tis one. Behold my Husband.

Bel. Ten Thousand Thanks to you, my dearest Friend,
Millions of Blessings Crowd around your Heart,
As many Joys Attend your ev'ry meeting,
May they be all like this.

A strong Impatience Guides his hasty steps,
And I Observe it in your fair Eyes — Adieu. [*Exit.*
while Bel. speaks. Vict. is looking towards Theo. He sees her, and makes towards her. She Advances to meet him.]

Theo. *Victoria!* my Soul! Oh, tell me where —
I've been half dead with fear that thou wert ill.
Let me Imbrace thee in my longing Arms,
Refresh my watching, but unwear'd Eyes,
And Give my working Heart some needful Rest.

Vict. Welcome, my dearest Lord, my All, to her,
Who never made a Wish, but, to be yours.
I'm wholly Blest, yours, and Belov'd by you.
Oh, my poor Heart's so very full of Joy,
I scarce know what I say!

Theo. No sordid Son of Earth, whose ev'ry Wish,
Whose very Life is in his bury'd Baggs;
Hagg'd all the Night with Dreams of losing it,
E're long'd for Day with my Impatience,
Or found the store secure with half the Joy,
That I Behold, and touch *Victoria*.

Vict. Oh! were it possible Man's Love could last!
But free and uncontroll'd Possession
Works to unequally:
Cloys their Desires, whil'st it Inlarges ours.

Theo. Whole Nature Smiles now thou art come a broad;
And Puts on new unwanted Gaiety:
Thy Charms methinks Outshine themselves to day,
And shew thee pleas'd, my Love, and Satisfi'd.

Vict. I would not lose the Satisfaction

For

For more than is in Fortune's Power to Give.

Who's able to Describe

The perfect Bliss of this most faithful Heart

In ev'ry thought, that I can make you happy

Theo. Happy! whose Happiness will equal mine?

When my ador'd *Victoria* shall Lie

Panting, and Blushing in her Lover's Arms

And ev'ry touch give Pleasures, which Oudee

Ev'n Raptures of Imagination

Will you not yield me all Advantage there?

But say, How cou'd you —

Vict. Ask him, who (coming blind into the World)

Recovers by a Miracle his Eyes,

If all the fancy'd Pleasures of the Light

E're equal'd those of his o're-ravish'd Sense?

Such Joy Possesses me now I am yours:

But (I'm undone unless I am Deceiv'd)

I cannot think I see the same in you.

Something I Read, I know not what, confus'd

Theo. 'Tis true, I sought you out to Quarrel with you.

[seriously.]

But who can look upon thee, and be angry?

Or hear thee speak, thou only Joy on Earth,

Without forgetting all that troubles him!

Vict. To Quarrel did you say!

Theo. Inchanting Musick Dwells upon thy Tongue,

And Sov'reign Balm's shut up within thy Lips:

Speak Quiet to my Soul, and heal its wounds.

Vict. You fright me strangely: oh! indeed you do.

Can any think (alas!) Disturb you now?

Theo. I tell you, Madam, a long tedious Night —

Vict. And does my Lord then think it was so long?

[Languishing.]

Theo. you made it short, you slept it all away —

Vict. What Pleasure you Triumphant Lovers take

To Put poor Women out of Countenance!

But I'll seek shelter in this Dear lov'd Bosome,

Hide here my Blushes, then say what you will.

[Embracing him.]

Theo. We'll both seek shelter in this neighb'ring Grove,

(Thou

(Thou hast Ten Thousand Questions to answer)
Where some kind Friendly Shade will Cover us
From buisfy prying Eyes, that wou'd Prophane
The Mysteries of Lovers. Come away.

Why dost thou frown, and shew Unwillingness?

Vict. I now am Bound to follow where you Lead,
And can but ill Dispute what you Command:
But why —

Theo. But hast thou no Impatience?
Let me Consult a while those charming Eyes —
There's Fire in them, I Read warm wishes there,
And wou'd you have me think your Heart without 'em.
Tho' you may Rule your own; *Victoria* longs
To Satisfy my just Desires — She must,
If She Loves well, And I am sure She Loves.
Kiss me, my Life; Again: Once more -- again. [*Kisses.*
Answer me ever -- ever thus. I Knew.

[*Offers to lead her out.*

Vict. Spare me, my Lord, and Moderate your self;
We've long to Live, I hope, and long to Love:
Some difference therefore should be made between —

Theo. You're now a Wife; you must not Keep these
(follies,

Nor use nice Maiden Bashfulness with me:
I'm all on fire, and will not be Put off,
This happy Minute will I Seize my Right,
Possess my self of all thy beauteous store,
Treat ev'ry sense, and feast my famish'd soul.
But when my Transports will Afford me leave,
When I can use my Tongue, then I will Ask,
If you were angry when I stay'd so long?
But how, my Love, how could you sleep so sound!

[*She Starts.*

For sure you did not Trifle with my Longings,
You Dream'd of me?

Vict. Ha! Dream'd! [*Aside concernedly.*

Alieh.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Alith. Enters. Calls Theo. and Exit.

Theo. My Mother Calls. Retire (Madam, I Come)
To thy Apartment straight: I'll follow thee;
And since thou wilt not like another Place,
There we'll Begin our Joys. *[Exit Theo.]*

Vict. Begin! I'm lost,
Confounded— Oh! I Know not what to think:
Ten Thousand dreadful Apprehensions,
Like thick dark Clouds (Presagers of a storm)
Are Gath'ring fast in my Mis-giving Soul;
I'm in strange Pain till I have clear'd my Doubts:
But what is to succeed 'em who can tell!

[Going out, She is met by Hor. and stopp'd]

Hor. Avoid me not, divine Victoria;
If my unhappy Love Displeases you,
You well know how to Punish the Presumption,

Vict. Is that a word, my Lord, to use to me!
Think not because you Honour me too much,
That therefore you can make me proud.

Hor. No, no: For tho' the vainest of your Sex
Had never half such Cause for Pride as you,
You've none: A natural scornful Peevishness,
And I am Born to Languish under it.

Vict. If 'tis not in my Power to Return
What you, my Lord, so well Deserve from me,
The loss will (as it ought) be wholly mine;
And you will quickly Recompence your self
With a more worthy Choice: But yet e're long
You'll see, this is not Pevishness.

Hor. There's nothing in thy Composition
That Nature fram'd not to Beget our Wonder:
But let me tell the coy *Victoria*,
She'll one day be contented to be mine,
When *Theodor* is Marry'd (as he will be)
And if She does not now, She'll Love me then.
When you shall hear the story I must tell, *[Smiling.]*
Which, after I have spoken with my Brother —
Then I am sure, my Love — *[Theo. Appears. Enter]*

Enter Theodor.

Yonder he goes: stay, Brother, Theodor —

[Goes hastily within the Scene]

Vic. Sol. What does he say? Defend my Virtue,

(Heaven)

For I am much afraid that all my Care

Has Prov'd too weak.

See, they are met, and coming down this way —

Could not I Place my self to overhear?

They're earnest too — this Arbour stands as fit —

It is unhandsome I confess; But I

Will for this once Dispenſe with Decency.

For if what I do much ſuſpect prove true,

My death is very quickly to Enſue

[She goes of the Stage, and into an Arbour.]

Re-enter Theo. and Hor.

Theo. Now you can Pity what poor Lovers ſuffer;

I will Acquaint you Brother with a Secret,

Which never was induſtriously Conceal'd

(For I Belev'd you muſt diſcover it)

But I Delay'd indeed to tell it you,

Beauſe you Uſ'd to be extream ſevere

Upon the Subject: Know then I'm —

Hor. In Love — I do not doubt it in the leaſt

Or elſe 'twould be but ill for the fair Lady

You are to Wed: Is that ſo ſtrange a thing

Theo. No, 'tis not, Brother! Yet I've Heard you

Rail —

Hor. Rail you then in your turn, tho' Occaſion's fair,

Unleſs you think I more Deſerve your Pity. *[Sighs.]*

For I'm in Love beyond what you can be

Theo. This is a very uſual Conteſt

Amongſt warm Lovers! I've no leiſure now

Are you far Gon? You Sigh, yet ſure you need not

Where e're my Brother Loves, he muſt be happy

Hor. Oh! you are ſo: But be not too ſecure.

H

In

In ev'ry State of Life we daily meet
Strange Disappointments, unfeared Accidents
But never yet so many as in that.

Theo. May I not guess the fine Court-Lady's Charms
Has wrought this Miracle? For I'm Deceiv'd
If, till She came amongst us, you could Bear
To Hear the Name of Love.

Hor. I Rival you!
She's a Rich Heiress, a high-rated Gem,
Intended for an Elder Brothers wear.
No — I Adore the fair *Victoria*.

Theo. Brother, I hope you are not serious.

Hor. Why?

Theo. Because I Love her.

Hor. I am sorry for it.

But you'd have all: That's not so very fair.
Already there's Provision made for you,
A glorious Beauty, and a vast Estate
To make a House yet greater than it is,
Of which now very soon you'll be the Head.
Be yours the Grandure, Nature meant it so,
'Tis due to your Priority in Birth,
Too well I Love you once to envy it you.
Would you not Leave *Victoria* for me?

Theo. I have such friendship for my dearest Brother,
To buy his Quiet I will here Resign
The Birth-right, Beauty, Grandure, and Estate;
But cannot Give you, if I would, my Love.

Hor. Her Father has already Given her me,

Theo. He can't do that; It is not in his Power,
No more than mine. For She Loves me so much,
You cannot Love her more; nor I my self,
Tho' Heaven knows She's dearer to my Soul
Than words can utter, or than thought can Reach.
What hope alas! does then Remain for thee?

Hor. If you had let me known so much before,
My Reason might have Check'd my headstrong Passion,
Or Death ere this have Ended all my Pain.

Theo. Oh! Cannot I be happy in my Love,
But at the Expence and Torment of my Friend!

Hor.

Hor. There's yet one Reason why She should be mine,
And I am very confident you both
will yeild to it, when I shall tell it you.

Theo. You may Perswade my Reason easily
To yeild to any thing will make you happy,
When it is possible:

But, Brother, Know, To Put an End to all —

Hor. Hear me and you'll dispute no more I'm sure:
For when I've told you I have —

Theo. First hear me speak, and know She is my Wife.

Hor. Your Wife! [Amaz'd

Theo. My Wife.

Hor. Since when?

Theo. Since Yesterday.

Last Night, Twelve should have been the happy Hour;
Her Chamber was the appointed Scene. I came,
And gave the Signal, oft Repeated it;
But why I could not gain Admission
Is what I'm going now to know of her.
You're sad: But Friend, Believe me I am more.
How much so e're I long to have this Clear'd,
And Dying with Impatience (as I am)
To take the full Possession of my Love,
I cannot leave you, till I see you better.

Hor. Go — Leave me to my Griefs: If you and She
Are Bless'd, no matter what becomes of me.

Theo. Adieu then, Brother, for a while. [Exit Theo.

Hor. Solus. How soon are Blasted all thy blooming Joys!
And oh! How dearly must thou Pay for 'em!
Hast thou, Incestuous as thou art, hast thou
Defil'd thy Brother's Bed! Abus'd thy Friend!
Stoll'n basely from him his due Nuptial Rights!
Murd'ed his Honour in the tend'rest Part!
Hast thou, vile Brute, Deflowr'd a virtuous Maid!
And stain'd the whitest Innocence on Earth! —
How many Crimes dost thou Commit in one!

[Groan from within.

There Broak a labo'ring Heart: the Souls got free,
All sorrow's fled away in that last Groan,
There's Musick in't. Oh, that it had been mine!

A Fatal Secret; Or,

Thrice happy wretch, How much I envy thee,
If thou indeed art dead.

[He makes towards the Noise. The small

Side Scene draws. Vict. is discover'd in a Swoon.]

Victoria! 'tis She, by Heav'n's, her self.

'Tis plain She has Ore-heard what we discours'd.

I cannot leave her in this sad Condition:

Victoria — Tho' I had rather Die [Chafes her.

Than meet her angry Eyes — Victoria —

And stand her just Reproaches: She Recovers.

[Vict. Opens her Eyes: Sees who is by her.
Shuts 'em again, and turns from him.]

Vict. Oh, wherein have I ever Injur'd you,
That you Pursue me thus unmercifully,
And will not suffer me to Die in Quiet?

Hor. Did you but know how truly I Repent,
How much I now Abhor this pleasing Crime,
And how much more I do Abhor my self —

Vict. Can your Repentance give me back my Honour?
But sure my Blood will wash the Stain away.

Hor. Honour! Your Honour cannot justly suffer,
If this accursed Act of mine were known:
But that's a Secret easily Conceal'd.

Vict. Oh, what a Heart have I that will not Break!
The wound is mortal, when am I to Die,
And lose this racking thought? oh! when —

[She Swoons again. He chafes and Recovers her.

Hor. Let me Conjure you, Madam, and by all —

Vict. Where slept the Guardians of wrong'd Innocence?
Judge me, ye sacred Powers, I Ask no favour;
Ye see thro' all our Actions hid from Men,
And know each secret Purpose of our Hearts:
If I am guilty, let me Bear the weight,
And make it yet more heavy if you can;
But if my Soul ne're Entertain'd a thought
That could Offend my Duty or my Love,
Why am I Mark'd out for Destruction
By such a horrid, strange, unheard-of way?

Hor. For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, see the Consequence
Should you be found in this Condition.
Recall your Reason: 'tis high time: Consider — Vict.

The Rival Brothers.

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Vict. Consider, say you now! Is this a time?
No, no: But you should have Confid'ed then,
E're you had Robb'd this hapless, All-forlorn
Of what you can't Restore.
My poor dear Love, when thou art told this Tale,
What wilt thou think of me?

Hor. He'll think you (what I know you) Innocent,
But where is the necessity he shoud

Vict. If like an injur'd Husband thou wouldst Rage,
Condemn me straight without Examining,
And in my Bosome Sheath thy angry Steel,
I wou'd not rest till I had found thee out,
Till I had given thee this Satisfaction,
And to my self a thirsted-for Release:
But thou'rt so very kind, so wondrous good

Hor. But, Madam, since we can't Recall what's past,
Some colourable plausible Excuse
Might be Devis'd for last Night's Disappointment.
And he still kept in happy Ignorance;
Whilst I, on some far distant barren steep,
Where Mankind never set a foot, turn Salvage,
And study to Become so miserable,
As might Provoke ev'n you to Pity me.

Vict. No, no: That cannot be. But if it could—
Can I betray so generous a Love?
I am already loathsome to my self,
Tho' I am only yet unfortunate.
But this would Dye me deep in horrid Guilt.
No: He must Know't. But canst thou frame thy

(Tongue—)

Hor. Dear Madam (suffer me to Call you so)
If you Resolve no Reason shall Prevail,
And that my Brother must be told of this—
This unintended wrong of mine, I'll tell't,
And tell him likewise how it came to pass.
Ah had I known that you had been his Wife

Vict. What Reason had you to think otherwise?

Hor. Witness just Heav'n, how firmly I believ'd
(My Mother having told me he was Agreed to)
His Purpose was to Marry fair Belinda

Vict.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Vitt. If you knew him no better, Had you ever
Observ'd in my Behaviour any thing —

Hor. Already I have Injur'd you too much;
Suspect me not however capable
Of Entertaining a hard thought of you.
Nothing's more pure in Nature than your Virtue,
Nor than your Conduct more unblameable;
And had not this (Heav'n for what Cause was it!)
Been made so close a Misery to me,
Or had not I been spur'd and Blinded both
With Love and Anger too, It ne're had Happen'd.

Vitt. Tis true your Brother Kept our Love a Secret:
He told me so, from all; nay ev'n from you;
But we ne're meant to make our Marriage One
Beyond a Day or Two.

Hor. Unhappily (tho' then I thought not so)
I Overheard th' Appointment made between you.
Surpriz'd, Inrag'd, and Reasoning with my self,
That mine wou'd Prove the innocenter Cheat,
Since I cou'd make you Reparation,
I soon Concluded to Prevent my Brother.

Vitt. What far-fetch'd Methods does ill Fate find out
To Ruin those who are to be Undone!

Hor. Would you Attend to what I've thought upon,
And for one Moment lay aside your Greif —

Vitt. Lay it aside! I'll study to Increase it;
And may each Minute of my tedious Life
Produce new Mischiefs, fresh Vexations
To fill the Measure up that is at last
To Burst this fated this corrupted Vessel.

Hor. When *Theodor* shall throughly be Inform'd
How I Mistook, and how you were Deceiv'd:
He'll Harken to the only means now left
To Salve up so untoward an Accident,
And yeild that I may Marry you, which I —
You are not so far Marry'd to him yet,
But it may be Undone: And, Madam, this —

Vitt. Perhaps (as you Beleive) he may Consent,
Perhaps — But oh! I know 'twill Break his heart;
And I want no Affliction now, but that.
Should I give Death to my dear *Theodor*,

And

And have a thought of Living after it!

Hor. Necessity will teach us how to Bear,
And time will wear away the heaviest Greifs:
I'll make it all the Bus'ness of my Life —

Vitt. This might have qualify'd a little, if
Your Brother's Love and mine had been like yours.

Hor. Deteſt me, if you can, more than you do;
But let me Beg you Madam spare my Love:
For that's all pure and juſt, how'ere unhappy,
Nor meant you hurt, tho' it has done you much —

Vitt. D'you Call this Love? would I had had your
(Hate.

Hor. Yet would you be Acquainted with my Heart,
And let your Reason hold the Ballance, free
From Prejudice and Prepoſſeſſion,
She'd Point out ſomething that (at leaſt) might Comfort.

Vitt. You'd ne're, if you knew any thing of mine,
Hope to ſucceed in ſuch a vain Attempt.

No --- Can you load me with a juſt Reproach:

If you will fraim ſome horrid Fiction

To make me yet more odious to my ſelf

I'll Hear — But if you wou'd indeed be kind

('Tis all the Kindneſs I'd Receive from you)

Upon your Sword's ſhape Point ſend ſpeedy Eaſe

To this poor broken Heart, and I will thank you.

Hor. No thou muſt Live; for thou'ſt all innocent;

Thou muſt Survive for happy *Theodora*;

'Tis I muſt Die the Author of this Miſchief,

My Death will let you ſee my Penitence,

And will divert my Brother's Jealouſy:

I now have but one only Wiſh to make —

If I might meet my Death by that fair Hand —

Vitt. Give me your Sword.

Hor. Moſt willingly if you would Uſe it here.

Alas! I know not to truſt it with you!

Can you forgive (but oh! it is too much)

The Fault, which only an Exceſs of Love

Could make me guilty of, a fatal Love

Miſguided by more fatal Ignorance.

Vitt. The fault's all yours: But mine the Punishment.

Con-

Consider of the nearest way you can
To Ease the Torment this will give your Brother;
But Death, and Death alone can give me Quiet;
Do me fair Right in the Relation;
And when I'm dead, If you will tell him why.

Hor. Let me Conduct you first to your Apartment;

Vic. Leave me — for I am to have more from you.

Hor. Should any of the Family Pass by —
And 'tis a wonder that in all this time —

Vic. When you are gone I then may try to Crawl;

Hor. I would not willingly Offend you more;
But it must be Officious now, or else —

Vic. Since my Desires are not sufficient,
I'll try if my Commands have Power: Begone,
Begone, and never let me see again
An Object I have so much Cause to Hate.

Hor. You've too much Reason: I Obey, and go.
Oh I could Curse my self! and so I would;

If I could Name a Curse (but that can't be)
More heavy than what I already feel!

[The Side Scene shuts upon Victoria.]

[Hor. comes forth.]

Our Life is all a Journey in the dark,
Where ev'ry step we take is on the Brink
Of some most horrid dreadful Precipice:
And now we Pass on safe; and now we fall,
We know not how, All Chance, at least in us.
I wou'd have Bought this Pleasure with my Life,
Which now I'd Give my Life I ne're had known.
Our Reason's dimm'd when it should be our Guide,
Dull to foresee, and careless to Prevent;
But oh! when we have stumbled on a Crime,
How well it's Arm'd! how ready to Assault us!
Quick and Ingenious then, with artful Ore
To Raise Remorse, and double our Dispair.

[Exit.]

The faint which only an Excess of Love

could make in such a moment of Love

Made me by more than once

The faint's all gone: but mine the faint's all gone

ACT V. SCENE The Garden.

Enter L. Belm. and Belinda.

Bel. You tell your story very movingly.
And I'm Convinc'd, my Lord, you are in Love:
But will you not Allow me Room to Hope,
That, like a skilfull Lover you Inlarge.

L. B. I cannot, and I Charge you on my Blessing
Not to Imagine such a thing, I can't;
Words are too weak to tell what I Endure,
And you, dear Child, must feel what 'tis to Love,
E're you can be a Judge of what I suffer.

Bel. Too well I'm skill'd in Lover's Miseries. [*Aside.*

L. B. Thou shew'st good Nature, and a kind Concern;
I have, with mighty Satisfaction,
Observ'd a Correspondence, a Commerce
Between the fair *Victoria* and you
That is not common.

Bel. Sir, She Honours me
With some Proportion of her Esteem.

L. B. 'Tis She I Love, It is for her I Die.
You share in all the Secrets of her Heart,
You may Assist me here. You may? You must,
If you've a mind to save your Father's Life.

Bel. I wish, my Lord, I did not know so much
Of fair *Victoria's* Secrets as I do:
Then I might hope I could be serviceable.
The best Assistance I can give you now
Is sound Advice, Sir, timely to Desist:
Guard well your Heart while yet 'tis in your Power.

L. B. My Power! Alas, my dearest Child, I've none.
I'm Chain'd, but so delighted with my Chain,
I would not be again at Liberty.

Bel. Take heed Sir, you'll Repent this Easiness,
And wish your Liberty when 'tis too late.

L. B. You speak as knowing there is Danger nigh:
Then give me warning of it.

I

Bel.

Bel. I warn you now, my Lord, the Danger's great.

L. B. What does it Threaten? shew me where it is.

Bel. I can't do that, I'm under Obligations —

L. B. Greater than any thou canst have to me?

There is a favour'd Rival in the Case

I Doubt: But I must know it if there be,

'Twill be the only way.

[*Aside to her.*

You've Reason to Prevent my Second Marriage:

I shall not wonder therefore you Refuse —

Bel. Unkind! and, durst I say so much, Unjust!

But since you can Distrust me, Sir, so far,

And in so mean a Point, I'll Clear it soon,

I'll Gratify your Curiosity.

L. B. So, so: The Mine has sprung successfully.

[*Aside*

Bel. If the Discov'ry you Expect shall prove

But little to your Liking, Blame not me.

L. B. Let me but know in what Condition

My Passion stands, that so I may Provide,

'Tis all I Ask of you.

Bel. You Love too late; *Victoria's* Heart's Ingag'd.

L. B. Ingag'd! how far? to whom? go on, my Inform me not by halves.

(*Child,*

Bel. Indeed I have already told you more

Than I'm Permitted, Sir, or than I ought.

None living should have Heard so much from me

Except your self, my Lord; nor even you

Upon a less Occasion.

L. B. What you Impart to me shall go no farther.

But tell me what I so much want to know,

Or you'll inforce me (much against my mind)

To think you've small Consideration for me.

Bel. It can be no Advantage to your Love,

Why will you Press me then so far, my Lord?

L. B. 'Twill be the greatest in the World.

Bel. Which Way?

L. B. Answer me first, I'll tell you then which way.

Bel. What I have said should be methinks enough
To make you strive against a Passion,

Which

Which may prove dang'rous to your future Peace:
Yet to Compleat the Cure I have Begun,
Tho' yet I must not let you know to whom,
The fair *Victoria*, Sir, is Marry'd too.

L. B. Marry'd ! say quickly art thou sure of this?
If it be so thy Father's Fate's at hand.

Bel. Not so I hope, Sir, for it is too true.

Enter Theo. and Horatio.

L. B. One of these Two must be the happy Man:
But prithee which of 'em Appears like him,
Who might Raise Envy in the greatest Monarch !
Do you not Read Concern, despair in both?
Will her Embraces word Effects like these?

Bel. 'Tis very strange : My Sympathy with one [*Aside*]
Seizes me strongly. What can be the matter.

L. B. Turn this way. Sure you are not well Inform'd.

[*Exeunt L. B. and Bel.*] *Theo. and H. come forward.*

Theo. I cannot wholly Justify myself,
I must Acknowledge, if you'll be severe :
But let me tell my Friend a mean Distrust
Could ne're get any Power in my Soul.

Hor. Why then was that a Secret made to me,
Which ought to have been Publish'd to the World?

Theo. The world ! My Friend is all the world to me,
My Friend, and Mistress. You shou'd have been told W:
I do Confess, dear Brother, 'twas a fault,
But I had some small Reason to commit it,
And still 'tis such a one as I may hope
For your forgiveness of.

Hor. You wipe it out, I'm barely Owning it,
It would not be one but by Accident;
Yet has it been in me the Cause of one,
To Pardon which my Brother will have need
Of all the Friendship he has Promis'd me.

Theo. The Friendship I've for you is, as my Love,
So large a Part of me, so much my Life,
My Breath, my Blood, my Spirits are not more.

Hor. By all that's good I swear my Friendship is

A Fatal Secret : Or,

As great as yours ; I With my Love were less,
Or in consideration of me
That yours could be for. For I tell you, Friend,
You are to Weigh this Friendship and this Love,
To weigh 'em nicely, and Consider well
Which of 'em you can Part with easiest :
Believe me each is Incompatible
With t'other, and you cannot keep 'em both.

Theo. Which is to let me know in other words
That you will be my Enemy, unless —

Hor. Your Enemy ! sweet Heav'n, how you mistake !

Theo. Do I ? Repeat it. I am glad I do.

Hor. 'Tis hard, unjust, malicious in fate,
Between Two Friends, as such as thou and I.

Theo. Canst thou not gain the Conquest o're thy self ?
For you know Brother I am Marry'd.

Hor. Your Marriage is not Consummated yet.

Theo. How so ! The Priest has nothing more to do.
I told you some unlucky Accident,
Which yet I have not had the means to learn,
Hindred my Happiness last Night : And now
Victoria's on the sudden taken Ill.

Hor. Not dangerously I hope.

Theo. I hope so too.

Six hours tho' (each of 'em an Age to me)
Are past since She withdrew to get some Rest,
Which She does need so much, that I my self,
Who have been often at her Chamber Door,
Have been as oft Requested by her Maid,
That I'd forbear Disturbing her a while.

Hor. Almost so long have I been lost in sleep,
And if my Stars had meant me any good,
I never should have wak'd. This once and then —
If I can give you a convincing Reason
Why yet you ought to yeild her up to me,
Can you Resolve upon so hard a Point ?

Theo. I'll Answer, tho' your drift is past my Guess.
Indeed I cannot Live without my Love :
But I could freely Die to leave you happy.

Hor. I've done. No, no ; tis fitter I should Die,

And

And from this hour I'll think of nothing else.
Farewell. You have Pronounc'd your Brother's Sentence :
But oh ! too well has he Reveng'd himself,
And by a way he never did Design.

[Going is Stopt by Theo.]

Theo. Stay. For there's Mistry in what thou say'st.
Explain thy self, and tell me what thou means't.
By Sentence, and Revenge, and not designing.

Enter Lucy, She Addresses to Theo.

Lucy. My Lord, I have been seeking for you every
where. My Lady Begg you would come away to her
immediately.

Theo. Thou weep'st ! Oh ! tell me quickly how She fares.

Lucy. Oh ! very ill. She bid me say
She has been in all the Agonies of Death.
In sweats as cold —

Theo. What Ails the lovely Creature?

Lucy. I cannot tell. She gives no Answer to any thing
I Ask. But such weeping ! with doleful sighs and wring-
ing of her hands, as would Break any Body's Heart to
hear. She talks some times as if She was Raving, But
still my Lord She calls upon you most vehemently.

Theo. Who's with her all this while?

Lucy. She's all alone. You must go along with me
this Instant Sir, if you Intend to see her — before She
Dies.

Theo. More torments yet ! oh when will they have End?

[Exit Theo. follow'd by Lucy.] Manet Hor.

Hor. To see her sorrow, not the Reason of it,
To Ask her why he was shut out last Night,
And not be Answer'd (for She'll sooner Die
Than tell the real Cause, and knows not how
To Coin a spacious one) will sure Distract him.
When She is dead I am Enjoyn'd to tell him,
But not forbidden while She is A-live.
To do that now may save her innocent Life.
He cannot Part with her — I'm sure I cou'd not :

He'll

A Fatal Secret : Or,

He'll set himself to Vanquish her Despair,
 And will Succeed——No other way is left.
 But She has Banish'd Thee her sight for ever,
 And canst thou look thy Brother in the Face
 When he shall know thy Guilt? I'll think of that——
 No——I must finish what I have Begun.

Enter to him Honorius and Althea.

Hono. I did Expect t'have seen the God of Love
 Gay, smiling, and Triumphant in thine Eyes.

Alith. But thou'rt all compos'd, my Boy, Dejected.
 What is the matter?

Hor. Give me your favour, there has hap'n'd Madam---

[Offers to go out. Hono. hinders him.]

Hono. In vain you Labour to Repress your Sighs,
 I see the struggle plain, you cannot Hide it.
 First give them vent: Then tell me, I'm your Friend.

Hor. You here Behold a miserable Wretch
 Cast forth from all Protection of Heav'n,
 Who could not Relish Life without one Blessing,
 And now is Blasted by Obtaining it.

Alith. I do not Comprehend thy meaning well

Hor. Whose fate has turn'd into a mortal Poyson
 What Fortune meant the highest Antidote.

Hono. Sure I might help you: Therefore be more plain.

Hor. You can't, my Lord, give me your Pardon, Sir,
 Bus'ness, and of no small Import to me,
 Urges me hence.

[Exit hastily.]

Alith. No common light Disturbance this.

Hono. Let's follow him.

[Exeunt Hon. and Al.]

Re-enter L. B. and Bel.

Bel. How odd soever the Appearance is,
 You'll find, Sir, tis most certain what I've say'd;
 Nor will it be a Secret many days.
 I must not, Sir, nor need I tell you more.

Enter

Enter Colonell.

Coll. One word, my Lord; I have some News for you: But such as I Beleive will be more strange to you, than pleasing —
Your Mistress is Marry'd.

L. B. To whom?

Coll. Nay, I cannot tell you that.

L. B. How know you then She's Marry'd?

Coll. I can tell you, She Entertain'd a Bed fellow last Night privately, whom I can't Suspect to be other than a Husband.

L. B. A Bedfellow!

Bel. My Father does not like the News. *[Aside.]*
I'll leave 'em together. *[Exit Bel.]*

Coll. My Intelligencer (as She Promis'd) Accounts to me most punctually: last Night her Lady made much more hast then usual to Rest, her constant Custom having to been to Read a while first! She could not Perceive in her any Drowsiness, which should Occasion it: however She drew not much from that, But the earnest Charge She Receiv'd to be in Bed immediately, Rais'd in her a little — Curiosity to Observe.

L. B. Hasten, my Friend; and Dispatch me now as soon as thou canst.

Coll. There is a little Door, which Opens into a small Entry that runs between their Two Chambers: After some time, She fancy'd She heard that Bolred: To do which, your Mistress, Sir, must have gotten out of her Bed. *Lucy* stole carefully through the Entry and found it so. There needed no more to tell her something extraordinary was on Foot. She had not waited there long before She heard the Back-door opening to the Garden, unlock'd, and Perceiv'd some Body to come very softly into the Chamber.

L. B. Is this all?

Coll. Is not this enough? was so much forecast only to Secure a little Discourse?

L. B. How does it appear it was a Man? Could She find

A Fatal Secret: Or,

find that by the Tread, or by any Whisper?

Coll. Not by either of those ways perhaps, they were too circumspect. The Night was pass'd pleasantly enough you may Imagine: But all the Care the fair Lady could take in the Morning to lay the Bed smooth again was not enough to Deceive the Spy.

L. B. Now you have done.

Coll. I thoght fit you should know this, my Lord, hoping it would Put some stop to that passionate Love I fear'd in you: But I am glad to find you Bear it thus temperately.

L. B. Do not Commend my temperance too fast, I cannot Boast of it in this Case my self. But to tell you the truth, I am not so thoroughly convinc'd by what you've said, and till then I cannot despair wholly. Besides you do not Surprise me, for my Daughter told me the same just now.

Coll. Methinks then you should no longer Doubt it.

L. B. I cannot think *Victoria* capable of an unworthy Passion: Can you?

Coll. No truly my Lord.

L. B. What absolutely Confounds me then, Is to Reflect upon the Condition I saw the Two Young Lords in even now, in this place. I can Comprehend any impossible thing in Nature as easily, as I can Believe either of them it become so lately the happy Possessor of the most Perfect Beauty in the world.

Coll. And yet there is no Body else here to fix upon.

L. B. No. If there was, My Wonder would not Exceed my Concern.

[*Exeunt Ambo*]

[*The Scene Changes to Victoria's Apartment.*]

[*Victoria upon a Pallat.*]

Vict. Thanks Fate, the work is going on a pace; Finish'd almost: I feel the tyrant here —
Tyrant indeed to most — not so to me,
Gentle and Mild, he Brings Deliverance
From horrid Ills my Nature cannot Bear.
Oh, where's my *Theodor*! Will he not Come
To Close the Eyes of an unhappy wretch?

Who

Who Longs
As much to see him, as she does to die;
And yet more fears it, than she does to live.

Enter Theodor.

Theo. What ailes my Love? I'm here to comfort thee,
Tell me. For Oh! When I see you disturb'd,
My Soul is wounded in the tenderest part.

Vic. Fly, Fly from this abhorr'd detested Creature,
For my Distemper is contagious,
And will infect.

Theo. 'Tis true, I feel it so;
And what thou sufferest, is all doubled here.

Vic. This needs not, Fare.

Theo. Complaining of thy Fate?
I thought I'd had most reason to complain,
Or of my Fate, or Thee, and came prepar'd——

Vic. Do then, my Lord: But do it home——Begin,
Upbraid, revile me ('tis but just you shou'd)
Kill me——Redeem your self from such a Monster,
'Tis all the kindness I desire from you,
And is most fit for my Condition.

Theo. Is this a Nuptial! This the fancy'd Bliss,
Which Marriage flatters us so freely with!

I hop'd I might have rais'd, and shar'd thy Joys.

Let me at least——at least, partake thy Grievs.

Thy Sighs increase, thy Tears do stream afresh——

No other Answer? Wilt not look upon me?

Vic. How can I look on one I've so much injur'd!

Theod. If that be all, cheer up, and I'll forget it.

Indeed I thought it an ill-natur'd Jest,

That you (regardless of my Sufferings)

Should cherish in your Mind a childish Pleasure

To disappoint my raging fierce Desires,

To let me wait, to make me come again——

But I have done——Tell me, my Love, how was't?

Vic. I cannot hope, nor do I ask Forgiveness:

Oh! But afford me, my dear Lord, your Pity.

Theo. Unless some strange unknown Offence of mine;
Renders me wholly undeserving yours,

K

In-

Inform me which way I can bring Relief,
To one I love so much above my self.

Vil. Seek not to know: Let all the Woe be mine,
And (for your quiet) study to forget.
That ever I was yours. I set you free——

Theo. What dost thou say!

Vil. Fancy me false——No, That were too unjust.
But think me dead——And think on me no more.

Theo. My Life, and all its Joys depend on thee.

Vil. If yesterday could be call'd back again!

Theo. Remember we were yesterday made one,
Is that the Reason you'd recall it back?

Vil. Were I sole Queen of all this pompous World,
With absolute, and all bewitching Power;
Or (what might humour more a Woman's Pride)
Were I

The Center, whither tended all the Lines
Of Application and Flattery:
Heav'n knows, my Lord, and so I hope do you,
I wou'd forego th'alluring Pageantry,
Choose to be yours, Oh! to be worthy of you,
Although but in a poor and homely Cell.
Think then what she endures, who Loves so much,
Who knows her self as much belov'd: Oh! Think
How lamentable is her Case, who now
Seeks Death, to hide her from those dear kind Eyes.

Theo. Oh! Do not talk to me, my Love, in Riddles,
If thou wou'dst have me Master of my Reason,
And fit to give thee any Consolation,
Tell me, and quickly, what 'tis troubles thee.

Vil. Spare me the Torment, spare me the Confusion,
And guess your self: But to assist your Guess,
Know, 'tis what possibly you least do fear,
But what you cannot easiest bear I'm sure.

Theo. What can that be! Thou say'st thou lov'st me
Still——

Vil. More than I hate the World, or hate my self.
The most undone, most vile, and abject thing
That ever burden'd it.

Theo. Why will you Rack me thus? If my Content
Was

The Rival Brothers.

99

Was ever dear to you, or worth your thought,
Keep me no longer in Suspence and Pain;
And blame me then, nay hate, despise me too,
If I afford my self a Moment's Rest,
Till I have set you right.

Vitt. Why this Concern? Why all this Tenderness,
For one, whom you must very quickly hate?

Theo. Hate thee, my Love! No. That's impossible,
Impossible thou e'er shou'dst give me Cause:
But should (forgive what wildly I suppose)
Impossibility grow possible,
And thou might'st give me Cause,
Still 'twere impossible for me to hate thee.

Vitt. Death, who is coming now to claim his own,
Will be so kind to cover me from that,
Or you would find it a Necessity.

Theo. Still Death! And claim! Whate'er the mat-
ter be,
Most certain 'tis, thy Fate and mine are one,
If all my Joys were brought within my reach,
Only to make me doubly sensible
Of what I am to lose, yet let me know't:
If I must dye, Oh! Do but tell me why——

Vitt. I wou'd, but can't, Saw you your Brother
lately?

Theo. Just now I came from him. Why do you ask?

Vitt. Said he ought to you?

Enter a Page with a Letter to Theo. and Exit.

Vitt. 'Tis he, *Horatio's* Page, and he has brought *(aside.*
The sad Account which I would have him know.

Theo. Hum——Marriage——hum——Occasion
Appointment——Enrag'd——honourable
Love——hum——well accomplish'd——
What have I done to deserve this!

Vitt. 'Tis so. *Observing him.*

Theo. You'll pardon me, my Love, and give me
leave.
To read this Letter out.

He walks from her, and then reads distinctly.

K. 2. I of-

A Fatal Secret: Or,

I offered to marry her as soon as I perceiv'd she knew 'twas I had personated you: That wou'd not cure her Mind, and you told me you cou'd not live without her. (*No more I can't*) I wou'd then have perswaded her to keep you ignorant of a Misfortune that has no no other Remedy. (*wou'd I had never known it*) But her severe and scrupulous Virtue would not let her hearken to it; nor had she Power enough her self to moderate her Grief, which must soon have betray'd it. (*Sweet Innocence.*)

Looks upon her with Tenderness.

Vict. aside.)

I fear it is not, he's so little mov'd.

Theo. Reads on)

Pardon your Brother and Friend; But forget there is so unhappy a Creature alive, for you are never to see nor hear of him more. When I am lost, if I dare ever trust my self to think of this cruel Adventure; it shall only be to flatter my hopes, that you will consider what is past as a troublesome Dream; that you will know how to disarm the faultless *Victoria* of any funest Resolution. (*I do not doubt but I shall.*) And that the most charming, but most virtuous Woman upon Earth will make you as happy, as I shall be miserable.

This Letter from my Brother tells me all. *to Vict.*

Vict. Then have not I just Cause for my Despair?

Theo. Where there's no Guilt, there shou'd be no Despair:

And I'm well satisfy'd thou art innocent.

Vict. My Death I hope will satisfie my Lord.

Theo. Thy Death! Oh! do not talk to me of Death.

'Tis all the work of my fantastick Fortune, Careful of me lest I shou'd be too happy,

She has beguil'd me of --- I know not what ---

Still you are left me in despite of her.

Vict. True, I'm yet here: But have not long to stay.

Theo. Fright me not for I've weight enough upon me. But will you set your self against me too?

Conspire with this false Enemy to betray me?

I know your Soul is pure, I know it chaste,

Thar's laid beyond the reach of Accidents,

And is not fully'd in the least by this.

Vict.

Vit. My Conscience witnesses to me this Truth,
'Tis all the Comfort I have left me now :
But this, my Lord, is not enough for you,
You will have other Satisfaction quickly.

Theo. I want no other, but to see thee cur'd
Of this strange Frenzy, (for 'tis so indeed)
If you'd convince me that you love me, live,
And when I prove unkind upon this Score,
'Twill then be time enough for thee to dye ;
But live till then, my Love, I ask no more.
I shall grow even jealous of my self,
Watch o'er my Conduct with a double Care,
To hinder all such Apprehensions in thee.

Vit. Thou, thou alone, art he, of all thy Sex,
Whose Heart has room for such a thought as this,
Which only serves to encrease my Misery :
It sets my Loss more plainly to my view,
Who must be Shipwreck'd even in the Harbour.

Theo. By all the mighty Pleasures my poor Heart,
Has found in loving thee, and by all those.
More ravishing and inexpressible,
It feels in being lov'd by thee again ;
I'd not exchange thee for a pleas'd Recluse,
Lock'd so secure from all Commerce with Men,
As never to have seen nor heard one nam'd :
A guilty With would more unvirgin her.
Thou never did consent to injure me,
Then still thou'rt undefil'd, and still untouch'd.

Vit. I thought I had been too well acquainted
with
The temper of thy Soul t'have been surpriz'd,
At any rare effect of it ; but this
(For I well know thou mean'st just as thou say'st)
Is so transcending all the World e'er knew,
I cannot check my Wonder.
True, it instructs me what I ought to do,
And would inspire me, if I needed it.

Theo. If some malicious Disease had robb'd you
Of all that wondrous thar unequal Beauty,

Wou'd

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Wou'd that have robb'd you likewise of my Love!

No—— I love you, I love your very self,

And with a Love, which nothing can diminish.

Vitt. Wou'd I'd been born murther'd and deform'd,
Hateful to all Men's Eyes, nay ev'n to yours,
I should not then have been the Wretch I am.

Theo. Consider, you are not your own, but mine,
Nor justly can (without my free Consent)

Pretend to a Disposal of your self:

Banish, this Minute all afflicting Thoughts,

I Beg it——Nay and I command it now,

Not with the kindness only of a Lover,

But with th' Authority of a Husband too.

Vitt. Oh! Was there ever such a Miracle
Of Generosity and Confidence!

But let not Wives be told (it is not fit)

That e'er a Husband's Virtue soar'd so high;

For some may make unhandsome use of it.

I'm pleas'd to dye——

Theo. How! Art thou pleas'd, my Love.

Vitt. Nay hear me out——For I ought not to live:

Nor mourn I now so much my Loss of you,

Because I am unworthy to be yours:

But since you lose not me without Concern,

There I confess, there only am I touch'd;

I truly feel your Grief, and may your next——

May your next Choice give you the Happiness,

Which my Misfortunes have depriv'd you of.

Theo. 'Tis thou, thy self depriv'st me of thy self.

Oh much unjust, and cruelly unkind!

I'm odious to you, and you'd rather dye,

Than live to make me happy.

Vitt. 'Tis past, my Love, I cannot if I wou'd;

Tho' you have made me almost wish I cou'd.

Restrain your Kindness, it produces here,

Effects quite contrary to what it ought;

For (Oh!) my just Contempt of Life abates,

You've taken from me all the taste of Death,

And she, who look'd e'er while so lovely to me,

Puts

Puts on again the hideous ghastly Vizour.

Theo. It works then just as I intended it,
And you must help it, or I must believe
You never lov'd me, or you do not now.

Vic. No—— For my Reason reassumes its place,
And tells me, 'tis not fit I clogg'd your Life
With such a Part'ner.

Theo. Won't you allow that I'm the fittest Judge?
Oblige your self to think a while of that.

Vic. The more I think, the more I am convinc'd,
I'm only fit for the cold Arms of Death,
And thither am I hast'ning now apace.

Theo. If nothing can divert this Resolution,
I am as fix'd to bear thee Company.

Vic. I shou'd not dye contented, if amongst
The boasted Heroines of ancient Rome,
(Who have so long engross'd all Female Flame)
There could be found out one who had done more
Than I cou'd do to clear my Innocence,
To abbreviate the Malice of ill Tongues;
And let my Husband see (with all the World)
I was not quite unworthy to be lov'd——

'Tis well——

(She faints. He recovers her.

(While he is busie about her. A Dagger drops from her.

Theo. How got you this, my Love. And for what
use?

Horatio's gone, he's ne'er to be heard of more,
You cannot now have your Revenge on him.

Vic. Indeed I had no such Intention.

I do believe he truly does repent,
And wheresoe'er he goes he'll bear within,
A greater Punishment than that can give him.
I did desire to keep within my Power,
A certain Cure: But now there is no need on't,
For my just Grief has done the Work alone.

Faints again. He recovers her.

Theo. Listen a while to what I have to say——

Vic. The sight of you, the Satisfaction,
That I dye justify'd in your Opinion.

Have

A Fatal Secret: Or,

Have thus long kept me with my Love: But now---

Theo. Oh do not make such haste, we'll go together-----

Stay but for one short Minute-----

Vict. 'Twill not be.

Grieve not too much: My dearest Lord, Adieu.

(She Dies.)

Theo. No---No, I can prevent that Thus----- and Thus.

Stabs himself just as Alithea and Belinda enter.

Bel. Help, help, Ah! Help. *(Shreeks and runs out again.)*

Alith. What dismal Sight is this! Ah my dear Son!

Theo. Here lies the Pattern of all Virtue, Madam.

Of Wife-like Honour and true Chastity.

Their Martyr too. Her Heart, the Sea of these,

Brook, as unable to contain the Grief,

Occasion'd by the woefulst Accident-----

Oh! by the most deplorable Mistake-----

Re-enter Belinda, with Hon. L. Belmont, Colonel, Silvia, Lucy and Servants.

Bel. *Victoria!* My Friend! Oh how came this!

L. B. She's dead! She's dead!

Hon. Ah poor *Victoria*--- Well---I'm following thee.

Theo. She was all innocent, but would not live,

Yet had no need of Poyson or of Knife;

I had--- the rest, my Lord, is written here.

Gives the Letter to Honorius.

This kiss, my Love: I shall o'ertake thee sure----

Madam Farewel, and you my Lord adieu-----

Let one Grave hold us both.---

(Dies.)

Hon. Gives the Letter to L. Belm.

Hono. Read this, my Lord: My Eyes are of no use.

I'll try to live till I have learn'd the Cause

Of all these Mischiefs---Then----

L. B.

L. B. I'm as unfit, for Grief has blinded me—
Friend, do you read it.

Gives the Col. the Letter. He reads.

Col. This Letter is directed to *Theodore*, and subscrib'd
Horatio—Had not your Marriage with *Victoria* been
made a Secret to me, who knew not how to suspect it
could be one; I should not now have written to you
upon so lamentable an Occasion. I overheard the
Appointment made between you, but believing you
were to espouse the fair *Belinda*, I was not more enra-
ged at her, who assign'd you a private Meeting in her
Chamber at Midnight, the Moment after she refus'd
my honourable Love; than overjoy'd at the means I
fancy'd this would give me, of being reveng'd upon
her, by going to her in your Room. This Design,
hastily undertaken, was but too well accomplish'd. I
offer'd to marry her—

Hono. I've heard enough. *(faints away.)*

L. B. Colonel, your Help. *(they support him till
the Servants bring Chairs.)*

*(the Col. having dropt the Letter,
Belinda takes it up, and reads it to herself.)*

*Alith. Horatio! Where is he? Looks over the Letter
in Belinda's Hand.*

Col. Is't not a very sad Relation?

L. B. I have almost forgot my own Misfortunes to
think of theirs.

Alith. Lose both my Sons at once! and poor Victoria!
Ye Powers, how have I deserv'd— *(sinking.)*

L. B. Look to her quickly. *Sylvia and Lucy pre-
vent her falling, and set her in a Chair.*

Bel. (apart.) Then thou art lost, my dear *Horatio*,
And I shall never, never see thee more!

I will not ease my Heart with one Complaint:
But am resolv'd to stifle all my Grief,
That it may sooner end me.

L. B. Thou wast my Rival, *Theodor*; the Bar
To all my Hopes: Yet I lament thy Fate,
And must do Justice to thy early Virtues.

A Fatal Secret: Or,

I wish with all my Soul you both had liv'd
In all the Happiness you both deserv'd,
Whatever I had suffer'd from't.

Bel. Farewel, thou lasting Honour to our Sex:
No longer shall true Love retain a place
In human Breasts, or Virtue keep a Name,
Than Sighs, than Tears, than well deserved Glory
Shall wait upon thy memorable Story.

Col. What dreadful Conflagrations have proceeded
From only some unheeded Spark at first!
A Secret proves as fatal many times
Amongst true Friends: For some cannot be just,
But where there is good reason for distrust.

Exeunt Omnes.



F. I. N. I. S.

PROLOGUE.

WHilst you abandon the declining Stage,
In Complaisance to a Reforming Age;
Taught by ill-natur'd Collier, who has chose,
To hide our Virtues, and our Faults expose,
Yet like old Gamesters, wanting Stakes to play,
Throw in a Pet the loosing Dice away.
Wicked in will, and impotently good,
They would be always at it if they could:
Like ancient Picts, daub'd with unskilful Paint,
To reconcile the Devil to the Saint;
Whilst Gesture grave, and Looks demure you take,
And only seem devout for Fashion's sake.
The useful Physick of the Stage refuse,
And new Quack Remedies as Secrets use.
When most of ye are Strollers in your Hearts,
The World's your Stage, and there you act our Parts;
The Follies we expose, you still commit,
And here encourage every thing but wit:
Whilst Tragick Strains in vain your Passion move,
The tender'st Pity, or the softest Love.
And the instructive Comick Writer paints,
Those Virtues which your Conversation wants.
To Night then spare the Action and the Play,
And be too good to damn, because ye may;
Our Author conscious of the danger near,
Most humbly throws himself upon the Fair;
Ladies, to you he does his Cause submit,
(Beauty is ever the best Judge of wit.)
Begs you'll assume a Power to your Wiles;
And shield him from the Criticks with your awful Smiles.



EPILOGUE.

Like a small Coaster shipwreck'd by his Fate,
The Poet finds his Error, now it is too late.
So an unskill'd Physician never sees,
Till he has kill'd the Patient, his Disease;
To mend each fault he owns wou'd be in vain,
Yet says—he cou'd avoid some danger, wou't to do again.
And what wou'd something to that work advance,
In short he wou'd have much of Song and Dance:
A Whim sometimes supplies the want of Plot,
And L'Pine's Voice has more than Dryden's got.
For Wit is grown so slighted here of late,
There's very few bid any thing for that.
A Time there has been, when the Fertile Stage
Upheld the Standard Authors, grac'd the Age.
When lofty Ben, and moving Shakespear writ,
Then Merit rul'd in the applauding Pit,
And every Genius did produce true Wit.
Securely thus they writ, and liv'd at ease,
And scorn'd those Criticks whom they could not please:
Plays, in their purest Lustre then did shine,
But now they're worse corrupted than our Wine.
Banter'd with Whims, Grimace, and such like Stuff,
Which France itself, can't furnish fast enough,
Wou'd to restore those heavenly Days again,
'Steal of Buffoons, they'd send us good Champaign;
For one wou'd think by what is daily writ,
The dearth of Wine, has caus'd a dearth of Wit.
Nay, like our Religion, now the Stage has got,
As many Schisms and Factions in't as that.
Ev'n Hypocrites out-do us in their way,
It brings in greater Gains to cant than play.

T H E